The Glamour of Dublin

D. L. Kelleher

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IRENE OWEN ANDREWS

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Nov. 1922

D. L. KELLEHER.

To the Editor of THE IRISH STATESMAN.

Dear Sir,—On my return last week from a visit to Poland, I read with the greatest delight your generous and timely appreciation of the work of D. L. Kelleher. It has for some years been a surprise to me that this original talent has been allowed to escape the recognition which it so amply deserves. After what you have said about the quality of the verse, it would be impertinent in me to add to it. I will only say that I know of no man who has given more whole-hearted and unflinching service to the cause of poetry than Kelleher. He himself has cared neither for notice nor applause. All that he has sought to do is to let that part of the world which is intelligent enough to do so share some of its bright glimpses of things not usually accessible. If your article, as I hope it may, draws the attention of a considerable number of readers to "The Poet Passes," they will be richly rewarded for the expenditure of two sixpences.

May I add, since this is not mentioned in your review, that Kelleher edited last year for the Benn's Sixpenny Augustan Poets, an admirable volume of carols, and that the Cresset Press, Limited, has just published under his editorship an anthology of Christmas prose and verse which, though 15/-, would make an amazingly cheap Christmas present?—Yours faithfully,

HUMBERT WOLFE.

The Glamour of Dublin

THE GLAMOUR OF DUBLIN

By D. L. KELLEHER

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TO THE FRIENDS
WHOSE SYMPATHY AND INFORMATION
HAVE HELPED IN MAKING
THIS BOOK

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FOREWORD.

THE READER IS WELCOMED IN.

ERE ever Helen brought down the Eastern world for the sake of the captive tears she shed, before Plato grew wise or Hannibal marched away, there were tales of Troy and Tyre and Carthage here.

And often there was a flutter over the water and a shake of the stepping-stones by Whitworth Bridge as a pilgrim or a bandit, or an envoy or some runaway sailor out of a ship from Sidon crossed to take the Tara road. For you will hear of Firbolgs and Fomorians, and Tuatha de Danaans, and Milesians and Phœnicians; some of them arrived not long after the Flood. And, for certain, they were smelting gold already in the forests "east of the Liffey" about 1200 B.C. close by this Dublin, auriferous now in the gold of the spirit as who that dwells herein must know.

To all then who cherish a care or a curiosity for the story of the town I offer this book of

colours. It is pictorial, and it is as true as it may be; since truth without colour is but a conceit of infallibility or the dull light of a barren mind. Enter, at once, then reader to your gallery of words.

The Glamour of Dublin.

THE CURTAIN RISES IN O'CONNELL STREET.

"No man has a right to fix a boundary to the march of a Nation." Thus, it is written in bronze at the base of a shaft of stone. And, before it, the bronze impenetrable Parnell stands confronting the centuries now at the top of O'Connell Street, in Dublin City. Straight down the wild boulevard he looks towards the Bridge, and red flushes sweep over his face as though life were flowing in the metal again. It is not he indeed who has done this immediate thing, but, in the refracted air, those limbs of his seem to strain forward and that outstretched arm quivers a little as though waving his people on. "No man can set a boundary." And, lo! they are thrusting at the frontiers again to-day! For this is the hour of Illusion in Europe, with "Freedom" and "Right" and "Small Nations" and "Truth" upon every Imperial breeze. Till, here too, youth, so incurably good, so splendidly bold, is beguiled by the call, and, however few, will hazard the proving of its faith

even to the death for its own little land. As, behold, over there that Post Office, a nest of poets and impassioned young fellows firing guns and breathing hard with the inspiration of a great ideal in their breasts! For rebellion is loose, and those desperate lovers have run up their Republican ensign and taken the eyes of beholders from distant housetops with a kind of troubled ecstasy—and the end of it all by that fish-shop window in Moore Street over the way. For the English General Lowe has "come round in his car" to parley on the flagstones with Patrick Pearse, this Schoolmaster to whom so long "voices" had been vouchsafed till he donned his armour and marched away. And so with a squad of troops, Staffordshire lads from homes that seldom bred a dream, forward he goes to judgment and the final volley on Kilmainham Square—Patrick Higgins Pearse, the London man's son, whose heart "was all a hive for Ireland's sake."

So, speed thee, daring fellow! Speed thee well! "A friend?" "Pass, friend," the answer given at seraphic gates wherever, east of the moon, the jasper hinges turn.

THE BISHOP OF DERRY.

FOURTH Earl of Bristol, fifth Baron Howard de Walden, Master of Arts of Cambridge, Doctor of Divinity, geologist, explorer, art-lover, showman in excelsis—whither more fitly should Frederick Augustus Hervey turn at last than to Ireland, "first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea"? To Ireland, with his brother the Lord-Lieutenant, from the Bishopric of Cloyne north to the Bishopric of Derry, strewing his progress with new roads cut, oil-paintings hung, bogs reclaimed and a swift *gradh* for the natives, Catholic as well as Protestant, of the parishes he visited. He would abolish the Penal Laws, he would reform the tithes, he would anticipate Plunkett House and its schemes by a hundred and fifty years. So Ireland rose to him until he was almost a king, kingship let slip soon, however, in one grave miscalculation. For who is this now coming with his troop of dragoons to the Rotunda Conference of the Volunteers in November, 1792? A middle-sized, athletic, charming, radiant fellow; his diamond knee-straps, his gloves of silver, his gold-tasseled cuffs shine against the purple suit he wears. Drawn in his open landau with six white horses he makes a tour of the town. But the

gesture is too extravagant, and Barnum shall fail, however fine the show. They will not have him as President, a post that he covets, at the Convention now; and so he passes out and away, in a few years to give his proxy for the Act of Union, to involve himself in an intrigue with a cast-off mistress of King William the Second of Prussia, to be lodged a while in jail in Milan, and to die an exile in 1803 in a small Italian town:

Shine, jewels! bridle, ring, and trumpets, blow
For Death, the final master of the show.

SACKVILLE STREET.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

UP there in that Imperial Hotel, a superman —if ever the stupid word signifies—to-night does the mere human act of pulling down his bedroom blind. For poet cum dyspeptic cum sage, he is new-arrived in Ireland this mild September evening, and already, though he has had but a glance of us at close quarters, he is reeling to his ironical ropes. The handsome, dark-eyed, sallow philosopher with those long trails of hair over his ears and down the back of his neck, dishevelled as is the soul of the fellow himself, abolishes us with a phrase as he fills his diary on the little table by the bed—"A brawling and unreasonable people" his first and almost his last epigram upon us, though behind his chlorosis he loved us just a little too. So he settles to sleep, having missed two who were to have met him at Drogheda, and who had blundered as to the place. For John Mitchel and Charles Gavan Duffy were eager to greet this Thomas Carlyle, and when they discovered him later in his hotel, whither the 1916 revolutionaries came aptly in their time too, it was to find him fully convinced that Dublin was and would be "the breaking-point of the huge suppuration, which all

European society now is." So, fascinated and appalled, he will return to tour all Ireland in 1849, Craigenputtock in frightful eruption of irony again at sight of the elaborate futilities that were the masterpiece of England's effort to convert the Irish Celt into a loyal citizen of Empire.

THE CENTRAL BRIDGES.

THE tragedy of utility is in the heart of Dublin as of London. The great Thames view from St. Paul's away to Vauxhall, which is naturally one of the most impressive of river vistas, is marred and broken by the railway bridge of Charing Cross just as the Liffey panorama is wrecked by the Railway and Butt bridges above the Custom House. It is low violence thus for a convention of trade to destroy that "vision" out of which, elementally, the impulse of all trade must arise. And it is not "economic" either in any sense.

For here in Dublin is a little crescent of river with the Custom House set therein, dignity, strength, restraint, and fine proportion in its lines and altitudes. So that the citizen *en route* across his capital may, looking down stream, worship a moment as he passes. Until vandal nineteenth century comes with the Procuress, Science, and out of that are born the blind and crippled bridges; and no citizen at all may any more look from the Central town east along his shining stream, eastaway east where hope is born and the great sun rises to the day. And how we have lost you may see any night too that you go down to the port side of that Butt

Bridge (so aptly named!) There past the North Wall and Ringsend is the cavalcade of ships, and out on the sea-line—for there is sea-vision as well as river-vision now—the little light-towers leap red and white from the water with wavings of hail and farewell for the vessels of Ultima Thule.

In Antwerp where a railway has invaded the city the causeway that carries it shines like a battlement over the street. At Edinburgh they have buried their trains deep in a glade in the heart of the town. London, scourged of her scornings by the lashes of the new day, is uneasy for a little beauty such as these lesser cities have. Soon they will take their railway bridge from off the Thames and leave the ancient "ford of Westmynstere" free again.

So Dublin in her new time will have to achieve a like task. The Butt Bridge and the beetle bridge above it must be dropped away into the abyss. Ancient Ireland recovering her majesty in a world so long strangely and savagely unjust must carry herself heroically in the time of redemption. The first work of the first Ministry of Public Works in Dublin must be a front and flank attack on the ignoble bridges, so that all of us again from the central city may look eastward where the free stars rise.

PRE-HISTORIC DUBLIN.

On this modern O'Connell Bridge, moist and muggy of a late autumn day, let us pause and lo! the city is become a hermitage again. We are back long ages in thought to a time when none at all were born here for their ant-hour upon earth, ages beyond the calculators when this river valley and all about were solid ice moving stealthily in half-mile deep formation to the sea. For everywhere, as the geologists can prove, the glaciers came "secret and serene" to the channel-tides, and later again this old harbour of ours, they know, was heaved up and sucked under and once again cast forth in the titan-writhings of the years. So that even now within the present shore-line of Dublin Bay you can see an older shore-line where the boulder-clay was denuded earlier by wave-erosion. Then the tide flowed up into Rutland Square and over College Green, while Howth was yet an island with Pembroke and Sutton flat and sandy beneath the sea.

AND here at hand now is the Abbey Theatre, in its own little way a wonder of Europe. For even as Steele first, and later Goldsmith and Sheridan, and again Shaw came to the rescue of an English drama periodically in decay from a low national culture, so in the early twentieth century a stimulus has come out of a dingy place beside the Liffey in Middle Abbey Street, wherein W. B. Yeats, a poet-errant, one William Fay, a Coffee-palace actor, and George Russell, the bearded Plato, who had long been functioning apart, met and created the new art. Though indeed the intense little movement was in danger from want of funds until that great Aberdonian, Miss Horniman, who had made her hobby in the theatre, came to the help of Ireland, and out of her generosity and enthusiasm the Dublin House was purchased and subsidised for its cause. From which conjunction soon a full immortal arrived, a strange, scrubby fellow, J. M. Synge, with his "Riders to the Sea," one of the master-pictures of life in the whole dramatic literature of the world; and, further, that "Kathleen ni Houlihan," the patriot's prayer, and the "Rising of the Moon," so rich and deep, and

"Birthright" with its fighting horror—these alone sufficient prelude to the great future Irish Theatre in Dublin town.

TALBOT STREET.

JOHN WESLEY.

TURN aside then from this Abbey Theatre into that "preaching-house," with the grass plot before it at the corner of Marlborough and Talbot Streets. It is crowded out to-day for the afternoon service, and an overflow is spread across the grass and right up to the street, for a greatly gloomy Evangelist presides within and that waterfall voice of his takes men's ears with wonder or with mere stupefaction. Honest, "good" (in that rigid sense of virtue without illumination) a pleasant small man in his full white wig, with a fine aquiline nose dropping down over his lip, a poet's tremulous mouth, and taper fingers and nails that a woman might admire—he is the newest of those astonishing preachers to heathen Ireland from an England experimenting in all the sects, John Wesley himself who writes on his first entry: "At least ninety-nine in a hundred remain in the religion of their forefathers; nor is it any wonder." Shrewd and observant too when next day at Christ Church, "I walked through the midst of them and they stared their fill." Delightful, inquisitive Dublin, critical and casual now as then towards all prophets sprung out of England for the greater ennobling of the Gael!

So travel West to Athlone and South to Cork, honest John Bull, theologian, and return twice again in later years to Dublin, for the propagation of your sincere, if freezing, Faith.

LIBERTY HALL.

LARKIN AND CONNOLLY.

IN the little back room off the landing they are talking it over, Jim Larkin and James Connolly, good old Irish names, very disturbing to the observant world just now, as you may read in a Geneva daily paper or in a stop press in Tokio. For in this world where Feudalism has as yet been only exchanged for Capitalism, there is universal curiosity, a kind of love even, whenever a man cries out against the bargain be he ever so blind in his method of protest. And so this Jim Larkin who roars his indignation against Dublin's slums and the slave wages of half of the people in them is not without sympathy far and near: a truculent talkative fellow who drops his H's a little, behind his half-cruel, half-Carsonesque face he has a brain full of adventurous ideas, and a whirl of longed-for lime-lights burns in his eyes. Gesture and rhapsodies are his normal outward mood, so different from James Connolly, restrained and benign, knowing well how this herculean hysteria of Larkin's can be the motive power of great causes. And so now in this Dublin, city of receptivities in the emotional progress of man, Larkin will launch the sympathetic strike and hold up the town, social reformer

and highwayman, happiest in his shirt-sleeves hammering up a platform for Labour, wielding the hammer figuratively all the time too, his work prospering, he believes, so long as another nail is driven in the "coffin of capitalism." So these two, Connolly and Larkin, in the ramshackle corner house by Butt Bridge win fame. Liberty Hall they have christened it in a mood of boulevarderie of the French Revolution, and so insistently will it demand Liberty that in Easter 1916 Imperialism, angered by the challenge, will despatch a little gun-boat at once to blow it away, Connolly taking the laurel from a firing-squad a few days later, and Jim Larkin hearing the fiery fame in his exile in the Southern Seas. One victor left behind in Dublin to survey the passing of the master-anarchists—if victor be the word—this William Martin Murphy, plutocrat, who, frankly and fiercely, if against the bias of instinctive justice, has fought the proletarians back to their burrows: William Murphy, the sphinx-bearded, pale man, past sixty, thin-spare with a delicate æsthetic stoop of his head, walking in and out of the young men's Cafés in this Dublin, the half of whose newspapers, dry-goods, tramways and transports he owns.

COLLEGE GREEN.

THE CONVENT OF THE LITTLE HILLS.

COLLEGE GREEN—sunset and evening star—an Angelus Bell above the trees—birds hushing their song at the sound. And, within, good Mother Bernard leading the final prayer. Then the slow trail of the sandals down the corridors, one by one the cell-gates closing, the bell quite still, the late birds resuming their epilogue of the day. College Green it is indeed, but how changed! For within these walls of the new Trinity are the old garden closes of St. Mary of the Little Hills—a sweet and tender name, surely, in the heart of our roaring modern town; the convent founded by Dermot MacMurrough himself in the dim twelfth century Ireland, these fields outside Oxmantown unravaged by the intellectualism of later days, the "Little Hills" a pool of praise for God to bend over and see His face reflected therein.

So fade awhile dark brotherhood of fellows of dour T.C.D. and shine forth white sisters of the convent and meadows in the place of Little Hills!

COLLEGE GREEN.

T.C.D.

ON the site of the Abbey of All Hallows, just inside the archway a little past the Porter's Lodge, the new University of Dublin was begun whereby, as Elizabeth's warrant ran, "Knowledge and Civility might be increased by the instruction of our people there, whereof many have usually heretofore used to travaile into ffrance, Italy and Spaine to gett learning in such foreigne Universities whereby they have been infected with Popery and other ill qualities and soe became evill subjects." "Near Dublin" indeed, but in a strange suburb thereof. For here between it and the Castle gate was mostly a green with cattle grazing and swine wallowing in the mud pools, or nosing the dung heaps piled there as in a common sewer of the town. Near the present College gate a little dirty stream trickled under cover of its garbage, and the ugliness was complete by the view from the main dormitory windows—a hospital for lepers by the riverside, and a bridewell up towards the Castle gate, where under shadow of Christ Church the walled city began, the heads of rebels wilting on the battlements; an ensemble of scenery sufficiently woeful to give a gallows air to the new T.C.D.

GOLDSMITH.

"To sentiment she has ever been a stranger," says a sentimentally unsentimental historian of his T.C.D. And again, "A dry intellectual light has been her guide," which, perhaps, is some reason why the egregious Goldsmith (the epithet a dry intellectual one) should so little have found his heart at home within its walls. For this Oliver, truly one of the greatest Irishmen of any time, was the most misunderstood youth who ever ventured with his soul into that "keen disillusioning air" (the graduate's phrase again). And behold him, a poor sizar drifted in from Connaught to the Divinity School, mocking the vanities of the little theologians by his own modest air; Goldie who could indeed "turn an Ode of Horace into a version that might surprise the scholars" but was yet in the lecture-room a dreamer, a dunce, "the disgrace of his College" till T.C.D. blundered and beat him and he walked away. And so now you find him in bronze upon the grass plot, still indeed with his back to the College that would have quenched the divine spark in him with that "dry intellectual" vacuum that parades as a new cultur.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE MAGICAL WICKET-GATE.

PASSING out from College on a day when only the little wicket of the great main door is open, a magical scene unfolds as you come into the arch, a view only of the pillared Parliament House across the way, with the green trees like a ribbon about it, the very air and ease of classical Greece in the stateliness out of which one goes to this picture of dignity hung outside. Plato indeed might move untroubled over such a scene and halt for his Socrates by the porters' lodge, until, emerging, there is eclipse. For Dame Street widens into view and that brazen infirmity of King William on his horse abolishes beauty by its imperial conceit.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE BOOK OF KELLS AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE year 700. Down in Meath of the Kings there are artists who know what spirals the meteors make, what curves and graces are in the branches of trees and they moving aside for a young wind to pass, what patterns the flowers weave in their secret mills of the night. And men come from Brittany and the Black Forest only to be able to say that they have seen such a one in Kells and he colouring the capitals of The Book. So that a Prince of Thuringia is heard to repeat and he turning home, "Now can I tell my people how I looked over his shoulder and he working at his task." Until the fame of the Book of Kells is spread over all Europe, and how in the Far West the Gaels have discovered an art beyond any the Egyptians or the Byzantine illuminators achieved in the ancient time. And such is the repute of it even at home that only the makers of the book themselves are deemed worthy to turn its pages.

. . . . . .

1849. The month of August. "Queen's weather" (that blasphemous journalese of the day). Scene — the interior of the Library,

Trinity College, Dublin. Enter a group, black-stoled; Provosts, Deans, Fellows, and other shapes. In the midst a lady, short, obese, young, ordinary. Behind her a tall military-looking youth, dilettante in art and ethics, authentic blue-blood, husband by request. Slowly, majestically, stupidly, they draw near the Book. Proctors and Fellows bow low, little fat lady takes pen from prostrate Dean's hand, the spirits of the books on all the shelves swoon within their bindings at the deed. You can read it still on an outraged page, the signatures of the two—

"Victoria Regina,
Albert."

Reader, come away!

(D 382)

COLLEGE GREEN.

O'CONNELL.

OFTEN as College Green has viewed its pageants none has ever exceeded this of O'Connell, the dark-eyed upstanding six-feet fellow that still is massive and splendid in bronze by the Bridge, O'Connell the adored of his nation, now drawn home to Merrion Square in a chariot built high so that the Liberator may stand and condescend to the town. And never surely was affection like this before the Parliament House as the cavalcade halts, the Liberator in heroic dumb show swinging his arm again and again towards the "Old House" till the crowd about him swells and throbs like one tumultuous heart. A wondrous company, too, for this is Smith O'Brien, the insurgent, and here is Gavan Duffy, Australian pro-consul of a later time, and John O'Connell, the younger, beside his father in the coach; and lower in the well of the chariot a harper dressed in bardic robes recalls the days of the Kings in Ireland, till O'Connell grows to be King in the esteem of the subject city, a perilous King indeed as they who read must know. For already John Mitchel is making his penetrative analysis of objects and utilities, Davis with his poetry shakes fire into the young men's ears, and Mangan, the half-

maniac, is delivering his soul of terrific balladry in the intervals of despair. So the wheel of State for ever turning and each man's life broken upon it in the eternal revolution.

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

HERE on another day in 1771 is "Poor Richard" himself, the philosopher of half the school-books of a generation ago, the most myriad-functioned man that ever walked into this or any Parliament House, first and best of all the hustlers of his Nation, friend of humanity, presently an envoy out of his land which shall for long, until the coming of capitalism, be famed for her humanity throughout the world, Benjamin Franklin, who thanks the members of the Irish House in flowing Philadelphian here and now for their generous greeting; Benjamin Franklin, who had risen *via* his father's candle-shop, a jobbing print-works and the emigrant ship for London, England, until having mastered journalism, become a linguist, and run his own paper from his own machinery, he turned again to fly kites, and, scorning the street-corner cynicism of Philadelphia, proved his theory of the electric discharge, invented the lightning conductor, was elected Fellow of the English Royal Society, became British Agent-General in America, turned Separatist, and went as envoy to France, and was at last back again later in U.S.A. to sign with his four

companions the Declaration of Independence that set the New World free.

"Our cause is the cause of mankind. We fight for their liberty in defending our own."

What wonder that the Irish House should be tense and proud that day he rises to acknowledge their welcome, and what wonder they should so take him to their hearts. For these indeed America and Ireland are the "little nations" such as shall endure and fulfil great destinies in the flux of time.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

GRATTAN.

THE twenty-third of January, 1799, a grey, ghostly evening with swaying crowds half-hushed, half-menacing about The Green. Overhead, companies of mist halting, colliding, and falling back like the ghosts of other crowds. And within this great Grecian temple of a place Ireland in travail again, the poltroon, the vacillatory, and the mere opportunist part of it plotting and conspiring for the coward's reward. Though Virtue and Erin are victorious still as the numbers prove. For on a count it is Ayes, 105; Noes, 111; so that the amendment that might have ensured the immediate passing of an Act of Union is defeated this day at least. And degradation and ruin must retire for their later attack. And of this check to their banners one picture survives—that Dublin County member Egan, unfading for ever as he passes from the Noes lobby, and back at the bar of the House, waves a big blackthorn above his florid massive head, and with a whoop of childhood in excelsis, cries "I am the hundred and eleventh," and smoulders down into his seat then purple with laughter and delight. Immortal Egan, the "plain blunt man who loves his friends" indeed, and who cannot be bought with office or this £5,000 bribe that

they dangle before him to tempt him off! So the news flashes through the street, and the people break and eddy backward, and overhead the clouds toss in the upcast of cheers. Though alas! for the weakness of Irish honour! Soon perfidy is abroad, and the very next year, in January 1800 it is, that Parliament House is filled and surrounded again. And now at the end of an all-night session, look how the drowsed galleries suddenly strain forward, and the members below rise in their seats. "'Tis he! My God! 'Tis he," the whisper runs faint, but like a tocsin to shake an Irish heart. For this is Henry Grattan himself, who long ago a man of twenty-nine was first returned member here. He is feeble, pale as a ghost, and propped on either side as he advances up the floor; and, too exhausted already, he is allowed to address the members from his seat, "a coquetry of death," his quivering figure like a Fate, warning all plotters with uplifted finger how, in God's good time, this little land of his shall be avenged. So for two hours spell-bound or appalled they listen to the epic end, of which surely this final period must yet be set in gold upon a stone somewhere in a Dublin set free:—"Against this proposal for Union, were I dying on the floor, I should utter my last breath."

ASTON'S PLACE.

THE POET'S REVUE.

ASTON'S PLACE, they call it, and many barges tie up there with freightage of books, the colours of them deep and crowded as the souls of the authors who made them. For nothing so mellows a book as a little exposure to wind and rain, and faded bindings are *sesame* to romance in the eyes of the customers there. And Aston's Place is the second-hand book street of Ireland, whence for sixpence or less you may purchase all that Homer and the "poets of Dingle Bay" invented in their hours of inspiration. If, too, you be in the confidence of the barrow-man, he will tell you the names of his patrons as they take the Saturday afternoon salute: Professor Dott, the eccentric from the University; Mr. Flame, the poet who sets the heather on fire with his sonnets over Howth; Sharp, the critic, not granted the "Mr." because of the vitriol he throws; Crape, the dramatist, who practises in death-agonies at the Abbey, a motley revue of the literary town turned bargainer of books on its Saturday voyage through Aston's Place.

COLLEGE GREEN.

DALY'S CLUB.

THAT National Assurance Company's building is to-day a slick and busy place with infinite calculation and inquiry in progress therein. And fitly too since once upon a time the swiftest counting and the readiest ruining and rebuilding of fortunes were enacted here. For just in the central site stood the "damned and delightful" Daly's Club. And see! upon a night in October, 1783, who is it that staggers up? My lord from rich Rathcoole! So, lackey, fetch the cards! For, gorged with all lusty pleasures, his palate dulls, and spice must sting like saltpetre itself ere his lordship may know he eats. So baccarat! stakes high! "Double! Treble! A thousand——" and, losing, a pause—till again, "God's name! I am a sporting chief—my farm—my horses—all——" All lost? and sobered thus! So stagger out, Rathcoole! Thy breed has perished in a flux of pride, as it had lived. And, down the street, survey a little while these drab old caves where yet thy children and thy children's children will drift with the flotsam of the town—and passing further be forgot! "A splendid soul—a king of men!" and all the other clichés in your ears. Till

Daly's Club, where whole generations went thus down the tide with one man's besotted ship must pitch and be overwhelmed itself in the gulfs of avenging time.

GRAFTON STREET.

WOLFE TONE.

GRAFTON STEET, fluorescent with all the vanities, has long now emerged from its half wheat-field, half manorial appearance; though when Wolfe Tone walked out of College on those rich evenings in spring of 1785 the larks were still above it, poppy flowers drooped on the red tops of the ridges in the ploughed fields towards Stephen's Green, and for the boy it was Arcady indeed. For all his day was sweet with anticipation of this elixir of the evening. "She was not yet sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel," he tells us himself of his enchantress. Trite indeed, but the newest ecstasy of a phrase when young love writes it down! and, further, "I was then a scholar of the House in the University, and after Commons I used to walk under her windows. I soon grew passionately fond of her"—but why continue when the heart guesses and sees? So Mary Witherington, more radiant than Juliet amid the moonlight on her balcony, stoops and is bewitched in her brain too. And in a little while, without a word to this rich old grandfather-guardian of hers here at Grafton Street, and unknown to all save a few pledged fellow-students of her gallant lover, they are away

to the Registrar and, wedded, the horse-bells are ringing along the roads to Maynooth, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot" in a golden honeymoon in July. A prologue to a mighty tale indeed as we shall see. For soon it will be battle and betrayal of an execrable kind, this informer who will sell the splendid lover of his mother Eire, one Thomas Reynolds, brother-in-law of Tone's own wife. Poor Tone, for all your splendid soul and mighty faring in France and at home, the pawn of the perjurer and traitor at the end!

NASSAU STREET.

ST. PATRICK'S WELL.

LOOK at that file of ragged people winding along by Suffolk Street, and down towards modern Lincoln Place. Only, one by one they halt, cross themselves, dip their fingers in the water, kneel, and seem to pray.

It is just there, at the top of Dawson Street, over the wall of the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, now paved in and stifled down by all modern *culturs* of mathematics and shaven lawns, a great tradition lost and a great thrill. For this was St. Patrick's Well, the wonder-spring of Dublin in the Middle Ages. The saint himself had been to conjure with the spot and the lame and the blind had followed his footsteps hither, until it was one of the prophetic places of the town. To be abolished at last, however, in the Elizabethan foundation that had neither time nor place for the emotional or the romantic in its set-square scheme of things.

THE KILDARE STREET CLUB.

AND over against St. Patrick's Well is the most exclusive of all the exclusivenesses of Dublin, chief city still of the Pale. The Kildare Street Club, that massive red brick fortress with devils and monkeys and horrid stone things in carved capers on the window sills, and, within, other shapes—the gentlemen of Ireland! Accredited *custodes* of law and order, Colonels in mufti meditating their eviction campaigns, Magistrates bowing to agents-provocateurs, misers of squeezed estates in the West, the Marquis of ———— ruminating his hour away before he attends the Landowners' Convention next door, that special correspondent of the *Morning Post* or the *Spectator* piloted in now for his first view of "loyal Ireland" by Montmorency Guy de Vere O'Shea of the Demesne, Donegal, and Piccadilly, W.

Poor old Kildare Street Club with your red cold bricks outside and your blood-red curtains heavy on the windows within, and your ghosts and spectres crowding every corner—ghosts too horrid even for Dante to deal with, whose spirit was wasted at sight of those in hell who had sold their native land. And Club for ever ludicrous too by reason of that illustrious Sinn Feiner whom

you expelled and again were by law compelled to admit! So that to mock your ageing loyalties he brought his young rebel leaders in as his guests and over your most exclusive nuts and wine, within aroma of your most eclectic cigars, did talk and concoct such "treasons" as must be eternal relief hereafter in the stygian history of the place.

SUFFOLK STREET.

HENRY II.

THE Kings of England have not ever been anxious to visit their Irish capital, unless on a conqueror's errand. And here in 1171 is Henry the Second ahorseback at the head of his 4,800 men with whom he has ridden from the landing-place near Waterford to dazzle the metropolis into subjection again. For his barons, those gallant buccaneers of Strongbow who came over ostensibly about their Sovereign's business, are already, like every foreign mediator before and since, about little devious trafficking for their own aggrandisement; and Henry is come now himself to win the people away with lure of roasted oxen and flowing wine. So here by St. Andrew's Church is a great banquet spread in a fairy palace of polished osier, that has been woven together at his Majesty's command. And Chieftains, Princes, and all mere Irish Clansmen are by to pledge their fealty in Rhenish that has been brought hither in shiploads to beguile the guests. Over Christmas the largesse continues and well into the New Year, splendid gorging and the fulsome flattery that goes therewith, though Henry is a little tortured by it all. For he has heard how those specious Irish would drink his butts and

wreathe his brow just only to fool the mechanic mind of him. Desolating rumour indeed at this hour when his own Queen is conspiring to overthrow him in London, and the great Pope at Rome is near to the Bull that will abolish him for the coming murder of 'à Becket.' Till Majesty in alarm hurries out from his feasting hall, Ireland conquered only with a sword of silk, a thousand years—or ten thousand maybe—yet to run before she kisses the English rod at all.

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VIA DAME STREET.

To reach the heart of old Dublin you must set out by way of Dame Street and along past Napper Tandy's house into Thomas Street. You will see Lord Edward Street take a Continental aspect with its modern buildings and the shining trees alongside that need only a café-table for illusion of France. By contrast then the square towers of Christ Church above make a monastic calm in the midst of the rookeries of slums. Passing on you will catch glimpses of Oxmantown across the river with the dome of the Four Courts, the belfry of St. Michan's, and the pointed shaft of the great Capuchin Church. It is a five minutes' panorama of a welded city with all its religion and old dignity in microcosm there. And for the moment you may forget how abandoned a place this Dublin new and old really is with its barracked tenements the most squalid in Europe, and such cellar-shelter for the working folk as snails might crawl out of in contempt of man; and, by a splendid irony, here too within sound of the anthems in stately Christ Church and within scent of the huddled poor in their dens is the vast and fuming Guinness's Brewery at St. James's Gate!

"So breed and burrow, eke existence out,
Though life be muddied, lustrous is the stout."

DAME STREET.

BARRY OF CORK.

HERE one day to the Dublin Society Annual Exhibition of Paintings came a sailor's son who had borrowed the coach-fare from Cork, and, hugging his canvas, had turned up to Shaw's Court, Dame Street, for recognition. And unknown and unheard of hitherto, his picture is immediately accepted, and next day begins to be a talk of the town—a tribute to Dublin, indeed, then as now as open a place for genius emerging as any in the world. For this boy, James Barry, from a bye-street in the working suburb of Blackpool, Cork, was unintroduced, and without recommendation, trusting only to his native insouciance and the proof of his quality for welcome.

And the sequel to his success is startling enough. For, entering his picture anonymously, passing himself first as the bearer of the work for another, he is ridiculed later when, responding to the public demand, he declares himself the painter. This raw provincial youth, able to talk as picturesquely and with as much swashbuckling fullness as D'Artagnan himself is not going to play his tricks on the astute cynics of the metropolis! So for a while the poor boy is buffeted, and in tears. And though later he is awarded a

premium, and sees his painting purchased for the Irish Parliament House, the memory of his disappointment remains acute. And still under a ban the picture survives only to 1792, when it is destroyed in the burning of the Parliament House. But the halo of a great friendship is over Barry already, for first amongst those attracted by the exhibit at Dublin is Edmund Burke who hears of Barry also from a mutual friend at Cork. And Burke soon fascinated with the impetuous youth takes him to heart, assures him patronage, and, for the rest, Barry passes to London to be Academician and Professor of Painting; finally to utter some characteristic home truths about the nepotism of his fellow-academicians, for which charge, true Corkman and fighter, he stands forth, and so is expelled from his office, and deprived of the magical letters R.A. Though, fortunately, his fame cannot suffer since his imagination lingers on many canvases, and the magnificence of his Bolshevism stands recorded in his letters and the story of his life.

CROW STREET THEATRE.

HYMNS again in this place and a breath of peace! near to the Nunnery of the Little Green Hills and Augustinian too, a foundation for men, of the year 1259, with loving care and alms at the gate and the grill ever drawn back for shipwrecked eyes to look through from the world outside, until Henry VIII., Voluptuary and Master Mormon, turns down his thumbs and the slaughter is loose. So comes one William Crow to be owner of the expropriated ground, an altar his chimney hob, the grill for tired travellers' (and angels') eyes, a scullery screen, prosperity down upon the place like frozen annihilation when further it becomes by perfect irony, the home of the Forfeited Lands Committee, from which it is re-leased again by Harlequin himself, with routs and balls and an Italian *maestro intendante* of the revels; till lustrous youth from college and town, sea wrack upon a flood, chokes up the place with scandal flowing in. So at the end Spranger Barry, known and beloved for his splendid airs, abolishes the vogue with his new glory of the play. And in a little while the Crow Street Theatre is famous over Europe, actors honoured by a call from France or Italy or London to its boards; a story which, indeed, for wit and wealth and the glamour of

crowds might run to many books until, later, Pantaloon and Columbine and all must take their exit from the fearful epilogue of anatomy rooms and vats filled with human corpses for the dissecting dolours of students of the Catholic University School of Crow Street, Dublin.

AUNGIER STREET.

TOM MOORE.

"O LOOK, look at the moon and it shining like father's watch!" and "Won't it be grand at Sandymount to-morrow and it making sixpences in the sea!" And again, "Such stars! more colours than all the bottles on the shelves in the shop." Until, for answer, one cries, "I'll put you up in the stars, I tell you, if you don't stop that talk"; and another, too tired for argument, rises and aims a pillow at the child's head; and a third, with cabalistic mutterings against the disturbers, covers himself deep in the clothes. Whereupon Puck and Aladdin and Tyltyl that are hid in the boy's heart rise up and bid him back to his bed. So there is peace in the second floor room of the grocery, of No. 12, Aungier Street, where Tommy Moore, the ten-year-old restless quicksilver lad shares quarters, because of his camaraderie, with the three gallant fellows, his father's assistants, who all day manœuvre with the tea-scoop or dare the perils of cork-drawing for the thirsty town.

A loveable lad as he nestles down now while his faithful stars fix sentries at the window-pane; small for his years, chubby and brown, with dimple and curls that are tell-tale on the

laughter and tears which, even so young, he can call up at will. Downstairs in the drawing-room over the shop his mother gives her social evenings, and the boy and his sister begin to act and sing with an ease characteristic of the bourgeois children of the day. For Mrs. Moore from Wexford has achieved her metropolitan vogue, and already enters full into the dilute Paris-on-Liffey that is the model of her social hour. And Master Tommy smarter than ever now that he is day-boy at White's *bon ton* school in Grafton Street must smirk and recite before the guests; and thus to bed in that hyper-aesthesia that is alternately the torture and the delight of his three sleeping partners upstairs. So that no wonder they are more than half-glad when, on Saturday at five, he sets out on his pony for the ride to the Moore summer-residence on Sandymount Strand. There let us leave him thronged about by the other boys' small sisters (for even so soon he has the roguish eye), while, rising, his moon that is friend to lovers and children everywhere pours out sixpences and shillings and crown-pieces upon the water for his delight. And, thereafter, look not too curiously, reader, on the obverse of his coins at all, nor on the mists of flattery

that settle upon them in London drawing-rooms. For Tom Moore, indeed, will flash his spiritual wealth a little carelessly in salons and ante-chambers until some of it will pass out of currency altogether in the memories of time.

CORK HILL.

THE FIRST EARL.

CORK HILL, the small sloping street beneath the Castle, is an epitome of all history. For here on the south side of the hill for centuries, until the great evictor came, the Virgin Mary had a quiet house and altar. Near at hand too, in splendid parable, was Issolde's Tower with memories of the perfect heroine about it, a shrine, indeed, of a more earthly passion long after the days when

> "Tristram was of love dronke
> With bel Issolde,"

till love, heavenly and profane, was overthrown by the mere bandit adventurer. For hither came prospecting in the full robbery of Elizabeth's day an impoverished law student unable to pay for his terms at London, "by the Almighty's Divine Providence" reaching Dublin on midsummer eve, 1588, when he was but twenty-two years old, a far-seeing, full-brained youth who had soon married a Limerick heiress, and was already off on a career of land-stealing that was the wonder and terror even of his own day. Thus Richard Boyle, hardly yet twenty-five years old, is casting his eye up and down this district about the Castle Gate of Dublin, and what simpler

conveyancing can be than a deed transferring to him, as his share of the plunder, this Church of the Virgin. So the statues are broken away, this crown of jewels from Mary's head shines glibly above my Lord Cork's chandelier, and the memory of the "idolators' creed" is overwhelmed in the splendid mansion known as Cork House, where, for many a night, plot will be shaped and counsel held as to how best "his lordship, at very great personal expense, may encourage the settlement of Englishmen in Ireland" and may, incidentally, and in approved vandal style, with penstrokes abolish lives and territories with that fine clumsiness of execution that ruined English prestige, even though for a few centuries, until the great reclamation, it extended her shop-keeping sway. So fade name and trace of this most besotted and most belauded of all the colonists to the swamps of Erebus or Dis or whatever other damnation reserved for the highwayman's doom!

THE CITY HALL.

GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT.

IF dining with the gods be foretaste of heaven, here now surely is the man predestined. The crowds cheer as he steps from his carriage, and when he enters the hall there is immense applause. He is fifty-six years old, more the cut of a successful skipper than of a great soldier, though his strong chin, these drooped corners of his mouth, and the short patchy-grey beard and half-Jewish nose give him an air of restraint and resolution hard to define. He is hail-fellow-well-met these days with Kings, Leopold of Belgium presenting his card in person at Brussels, Bismarck coming to his hotel at Berlin, Wagner seeking him out at Heidelberg, though they but sit and smile, since neither can speak the other's language. At Bangkok the King lends him a royal palace, an unprecedented honour; in Tokio they grant him a Mikado's salute. For he has had a great stake in the world's history, and the world will not forget—for a little while at least. So in Dublin, if with less ceremony there is the greatest welcome of all for this General Ulysses Grant, son of a small farmer and poet's corner contributor to the village weekly in Clermont County, U.S.A., who has ruled as President over more Irish than are in

Erin itself, and in whose armies thousands of Leinstermen have died. And when they hand him the Freedom of the City he is able to strike a native note at once : " Fellow-citizens, of Dublin, I may return one day and run against Barrington for Mayor and Brett for Parliament, and I warn these gentlemen that I am a troublesome candidate." A witty, topical sort of thanks very pleasing to the town. Though, alas, for all the laughter and tears, this Grant will never visit Dublin more. For with his return home money troubles will come, and in the end cancer of the throat " like a shuttle of fire" to burn his life away.

DAME STREET.

PEG WOFFINGTON.

GEORGE'S COURT is deep in a swamp of slums. Hope ends at the confines of such a place and hell is near. In the one-room flats around children learn by observation such mysteries of existence as pass comfortable folk by till manhood or sudden disaster is at hand. Birth and death are too hackneyed even for a joke since you sleep so often in the odour of them here. So this little girl of ten is as cute in the year of grace 1728 as half the psychologists in the colleges elsewhere. For she has happened into a world egregiously full of misery and hunger. That bricklayer father of hers, an honest dullard fellow, is dead already these five years, and this elder girl must set out and be day-labourer herself, dragging water from the Liffey to the houses of wealthy folk, a darling little face and flowing hair for ever smiling under her pitcher of red-brown ware, until the Court knows her as the "brave little woman," and rich customers of hers, seeing the cherub-cheeks at their kitchen window, silently lament the saving ugliness of their own well-groomed girls. So the Greuze picture shines to and fro, until one day, in Fownes Street, a certain tight-rope dancer catches sight of the seraph, and, scenting profit in the

face, hires her for the troupe of small children out of whom a new vogue of drama is about to spread in Dublin. And behind Lord Justice Whiteside's house in a booth in Fownes Street here is the ex-water carrier, aged ten only, Polly Peachem in "Beggar's Opera," one of the sensations of the theatrical hour. A rare little diva she is, joining her mother, the orange-seller, after the "show," at the corner of Fownes Court, counting and packing the unsold oranges and helping home with the burthen then. Gallant, lofty little soul, those dancing curls supple and sweet about thy head, no serpents coiling in them yet, nor meshes spread for men's eyes. Though later *via* Smock Alley, and Drury Lane, and the Salons of London town, Fame will track thee down, and infamy wait like a jackal for the dead. Poor Peg Woffington, indeed, Dublin stonemason's daughter, who soon shall need the builder's skill again. For down there at Teddington-on-Thames, nor yet forty years old, at the end of all thy exotic nights the carved tomb claims thee:

Oh shining hair, and mouth of all delight,
Not love nor glory shorten now the night!

DUBLIN CASTLE.

HALT here, stranger, and brace your heart. For this is the bottomless pit with dregs of a hundred tyrannies, and on it such a scum of bigotry and mere misunderstanding as no sun may pierce, and the gate thereto dark and sinister as one of the locks on the styx itself; with a stygian fitness too. For here above it is a stone Justice with her balance and her blinded eyes, aloof and indifferent to the city's welfare, though the gutter grumbles down on this night when rain and wind issue like snakes out of the bursting sacks of cloud. Aloof and callous, indeed, she is, the most cunning intelligence in that figure of hers thus with her back turned to the street, Justice surely here most literally turning her back these long years upon the people, her balance only for the eyes of the supreme Ambassadors and Lords Governors imported into the Throne-room from that queen city of shopkeeping on Thames. Though now from her stone eyes she can almost look rebuking at this final infamy. Over there across the Upper Castle Yard the windows of the State apartments are lighted up and shadows grow and vanish as the two plotters rise and pace the room and re-settle again into their chairs with sharp staccato speech :—

"He wants a bigger bribe?"

"Yes, £5,000 at least."

"Could we not try another way?"

"You mean the woman from Kildare?"

"To give her a title—whose mistress is she?"

Poor Justice! how art thou prostituted now. For these two are Cornwallis and Castlereagh, and the time is December, 1799, and in a month or so the great bribe will have achieved the great betrayal, and the Union of England and Ireland will be complete. So haste thee in, Mistress, and summon thy dancers, O Peer, for now the Levee is prepared and all who sold their country to the gifts of Cornwallis and Castlereagh may trip it featly with their foreign seducers in the routs of Empire at Dublin Castle here.

FISHAMBLE STREET.

SHELLEY.

ANOTHER day, too, while yet the city rocks with the memory of the Rebellion of 1798, here are youth and beauty and ideal, and all the pathos and rapture of ten thousand years in the heart of an Englishman new come on seraphic embassy to Ultima Thule. It is the 28th of February, 1812, and the Fishamble Street Theatre is packed in expectation of the great O'Connell beside whom, shrivelled by the contrast, sits the nineteen-year-old boy who has just written and distributed crazily in Sackville Street a pamphlet about Ireland and his dreams. Pale, a little drooped, with rich blond hair through which he trails his fingers sensuously upward now and then, this youth has big blue eyes such as must abolish an enemy, and over them fall fine ringlets where the child lingers still. And his name—known now in all the "tents of the starshine" though quite unfamiliar to the Dublin of his day—Percy Bysshe Shelley, who soon is to marry and muddle, and sing, and be starry, and drown in a squall off Spezzia on his loved Italian shore; Shelley, now in his first agony for the love of Ireland, a laureate as yet unwitting how happiness in its sum is constant and the gods cannot ever give more but only

re-adjust the levels in this country or that. So delicate hands and plaintive lips hold the house for an hour in a strange, serious if spasmodic, and occasionally tactless utterance, and at the end, as always, the people applaud with a little reserve of pity as well for this latest Englishman turned intense if not embarrassing pleader of their case.

CHRIST CHURCH.

ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

THERE on the site of the modern Synod House, was an early palace of the archbishops; and close by they have dug up the foundations of the first church of the Danish King, and traced out the paths of the ancient austerities just as they were that day the Ostmen came crowding in to mix with the native Irish in 1162. For a young priest, hardly thirty-three years old, is to be anointed primate, a handsome, tall fellow, who has already made a great name. Laurence O'Toole he is, of the princely O'Tooles of Castledermot, in Kildare, brother-in-law to that MacMurrough who will soon, for everyone of us, bring "death into the world, and all our woe." Already he has been, at twenty-five years of age, elected Abbot at Glendalough, where he has spent almost all of his life as student and priest. And now, here in Christ Church, beside the officiating Gelasius of Armagh, Laurence O'Toole shines by his commanding presence and his high clear forehead and striking face. And when amid his ring of attendant bishops, jewelled over staff and mitre, he moves down blessing his people, it is a picture out of all the illuminated missals of the past. For the sun is kindling through the stained glass windows,

banners of cream and blue and gold are below the arches, the Pope's red and purple and white crown the stalls. And still the Baculus Christi, the treasured staff of that Christ Himself who is Master of the Pageant, is erect amid its circle of tapers and flowers, while high up on the pulpit hangs that miraculous cross, upon which the face can bleed and blanch for the eyes of faithful beholders. So kneel, Christian, and bow thy head, for Ireland is here this day with her holiest priest since Patrick came, Ireland, faithfulest lover of Christ, then and still, amid the nations of the earth.

MACMURROUGH, SATYR-KING.

SEPTEMBER the 21st, 1170—the date that shall coffin us down for six hundred years, *Dies irae, dies illa,* in truth, of Irish shame and English infamy! For the rumours and doubts are to be confirmed in disaster at last. Rumours of foreign tunics creeping like flames from the Wicklow hills, flames that will eat old Dublin up. Doubts in the Archbishop's Palace by Christ Church, and across the ford at Oxmantown, among the Danes, lest their sway should be destroyed now for all time. And so the perfidious voluptuary, that Mac-Murrough who shall rot for ever in the memory of man, is at his zenith of revenge. And see already they come! 700 Anglo-Normans in the advance-guard there on the road from Glendalough, the ravisher's own son guiding them over the gap between the hills. And again 800 more, English mercenaries these, with the rich fields taking their eyes everywhere with ecstasy of pillage. And last, in solid phalanx, the two immortals themselves leading their main force of 4,000 men, buccaneer and betrayer, Strongbow and Dermot, united in a task that is yet a model of treason in hell. In the woods about Rathmines they bivouac for the night. Up in his palace on the hill, Laurence O'Toole receives

party after party of the bewildered townsmen, messengers fly under a flag of truce to Torkil, perhaps there will be a proud surrender and no shame! But the invaders have, with splendid prescience, foreseen our modern "civilised" creed! "Expediency" is the word and so, while yet the pourparlers run, scouts are stealing over the valley by Patrick's, where the Saint once upon a time upcalled a spring. And while Laurence O'Toole prays and ponders the night away, and Torkil's men await the dawn for resumption of debate, the English are up the hill, and on a grey blear morning, Dublin of all the sanctities is damned for the centuries down still even to our own subject day. So, follow that traitor and roué a little while and see how the furies have him to work their revenge! For he shall rot almost and slough away in his bed down in Meath, noxious already before the worms have their feast of him, Dermot MacMurrough stricken with some disease that has only one symptom, gangrene, and one ending, death. Symbol and horror and some immense import surely in the reeking exit of that first monster who guided the grabber in.

NO. 65 THOMAS STREET.

WOLFE TONE.

UNCOVER awhile before this No. 65. For upstairs on the second floor now the great Wolfe Tone is holding his last levee, a crown of candle-flames about his head and no laurel at all, though Victory hiding somewhere surely weaves a chaplet and Fame prepares the trumpet for her lips. Poor dead Tone with his sword scabbarded for eternity, and this blue uniform with the sun-gold braid about his neck, a monarch indeed of the Might-have-been. And ever in and past him the silent faithful lovers and friends spell-bound as they look upon their fallen flower. And by him there his father and mother overwhelmed with the horror of it now. For they had great possessions truly who owned such a son, most potent leader still though laid out in death. Magic is in this shell and the memory of his soul may work miracles apace, as these good Britishers know who order his funeral straightway. And so to Bodenstown with two mourners only by the Government decree, there by the crumbling southern wall to lie dreaming and waiting it must be, dreaming again of fulfilment of that high hope for which he had dared all.

WERBURGH STREET.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

A THICK-SET child with a square cheerful face, very chubby, intelligent enough, the makings of a particularly apt hotel proprietor rather than of a great intellectual in him, he can search us sympathetically with those big molten eyes of his here as we pass along Werburgh Street. For he is a keen child with a "nose for news" from the beginning, this first of the master journalists that Dublin will produce, Dick Steele, who will live through time as the moralist, and dipsomaniac, founder of *The Tatler*, and daemon of the Coffee House. The little fellow now, in the year 1678, is living somewhere round the corner from Hoey's Court where the titanic Swift was born, and often the two gambol by each other over the green plot by St. Patrick's Gate rolling their hoops or tossing kites, unsuspecting seraphim who will grow to be shapes and portents in the passage of Time. Though, however slander be busy with him, this Richard Steele will keep an Irish ideal and that simplicity of his nation all the time, as you shall see by his pellucid love letter to Mary Scurlock in London another time:

"I write from a Coffee House where I am attending about business. There is a dirtie crowd of busie faces all around me talking of *money;* while all my ambition, all my wealth is love."

Illustrious youth, and splendid sinner and great apostle, characteristic Irishman with it all. For in London it is Dick Steele of Werburgh Street and thereabouts who will re-create cleanness in the public Press, and who, by his new drama, will break from the sensual tradition to which the post-Shakespearean theatre has sunk, "honest" Dick Steele indeed the first of the great artists raised up out of Ireland to avert the spiritual destruction of the English stage, the line complete and continuous even on to our own day *via* Sheridan, Goldsmith, Synge and Shaw.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

"JUNIUS."

THERE comes running up Meath Sreet a delicate bright-eyed little boy, pale, with tiny ears like new shells, tall for his age and a wonder for his vehemence and intelligence though he is only six. To-day he is intensely excited for it is a house-moving, and the luggage is being loaded for the wonderful journey to England, of which he dreams as Aladdin's cave. And so it will prove to be, though immediately it is to escape from his sorrow, that the little boy's father decides to emigrate. For he has just lost his young wife, and since he is a Trinity graduate and a schoolmaster, he will be able to make a living in London under happier circumstances than here in the presence of his tragedy, and in London, too, there will be a wider scope for this vibrant lad grown to be a man. As indeed is the case, for already at twenty Philip Francis is a clerk in the First Division, a credit to his father's school at Esher, where Edward Gibbon has been his class-mate for a while. And at thirty he is moving the whole heart of the country, though it is long years yet before his power will be identified. At thirty-three again the tutor-adventurer's son is drawing £10,000 a year as a Councillor for India, where he wounds Warren Hastings in a duel,

involves himself in an *affaire* of "love," and whence he returns again to hand Edmund Burke the heavy artillery of argument by which Hastings will be wounded in the great impeachment.

A wonderful boy surely, out of the witty and daring Dublin of the eighteenth century, Sir Philip Francis of the Coombe and Whitehall, author from his twenty-ninth to his thirty-second years of the *Letters of Junius*, the greatest dossier for Liberty till then in the polemics of England, a fine originality and a high distinction in them too, the characteristic Irish note of loftiness amid all the bitterest proving. So that personality and vulgar attack for the first time were eliminated from political warfare in England, and there arose another of the many traditions of decency, left to British history by benefactors out of the distressful isle.

THE MEATH HOSPITAL.

CLARENCE MANGAN.

HITHER they brought him tenderly from the cellarage where the latest fever had sucked him down, little hope left now for this pale amber of a man cast high for eternity. "Humble, affectionate, and prayerful," he mutters thanks and extenuation all the time as though these favours that his nurses delight to do him were tremendous gifts. And this sole thing that he brought for worldly possession, a worn copy of the poet Keats, is his plaything and solace in the bed; until on the eighth day he turns his parchment face and lucent eyes to the wall and closes as a flower that has surrendered its beauty. And the word passing in the street "Mangan is dead." "Dead," echo answers, "but Rosaleen lives still nobler now!"

SWIFT AND STELLA.

SUCH a night with clouds falling from the stars like hair unbound, and a lamenting wind moping and wandering over the city till even he shudders in that lamplit room, poring strangely over his papers, noting down and stopping with a start to drop his pen and strike with his palms upon the table and recover from an agony and so write again. Here in his Dean's House, now fallen to be Police Station, is Swift the satirist, Swift the vitriol-tongue who can burn a parliament away with a phrase, Swift whose fame all envy but whose self there is none more to love. For over there by those torches and tapers they are laying her deep to-night in the Cathedral corner, out of his reach entirely now who has tortured her with riddles too long. No music at the end nor sunlight streaming through a painted window, no plumes but the smoke-wreaths of the pine, no tender organ notes to dim the dry coughing of the older clergy, and the "clatch, clatch" of shovels struck into the clay. So lay her down and leave her to the pitying dark, poor Stella who has been beguiled and baffled and wrecked by this intellect and enigma of the awful Swift. And for him as he drops his

head upon his crossed palms while the lamp gutters out on the deanery room a little pity too! For, colossus of his day, yet does malign Fate stride him down with a fearful physical ill. And from his gloom and his secret hide, ye kind stars! and pass quickly telling it not to his neighbours, thou lamenting wind!

DEAN'S HOUSE.

AN awful expiation he will yet make for these sins of cruelty now, that left eye of his swollen and bursting one day, the agony so fierce about the pustulous lids that five men will be needed to hold his delirium down. And later when that paroxysm has passed for three years he will mope speechless or muttering merely in that room of his, gazing into the fire or out at the sun and burning strangely with memories in his own heart and brain. Too feeble almost to walk to his staircase, he is yet, though dumb, no utter fool; and, unable to speak, he is a prey to thought and vision. So let us leave him with the ghosts and the phantoms, fair women floating in at the windows to mock with youth and rapture the intellectual sensualist of long ago.

THE COOMBE.

ANNE DEVLIN.

THE banister sways outward and the coffin scrapes a line of whitewash from the wall as they come down. What matters it who lurches or rolls this corpse about? Living poor folk are cheap, but poverty in the coffin is negligible indeed. So, lurch out again to the faded hearse and the old slaughter-house horse, and lumber off to Glasnevin with a psalm and a shovel to finish the job :—

" Oh, Christ, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

But go not back, mourner, to the little laneway for fear that, bewitched, you see the light—Will o' the Wisp, *ignis fatuus*, halo maybe. For she was a saint, aye! blessed by suffering and courage both, the labourer's widow, one Campbell, who scoured mean shopmens' floors and was silent, and had a widowed daughter, poor too, and gave her clothes away and her food to the cold and hungry grandchildren. So that even here and she dying, her own bed is a half-stripped mattress, and rags to cover her. Oh, blinding vision, those rags and bones and the box that held them stuffed now into the earth! For who may she be that for forty years has been

sunk, forgotten, scorned even in the puddles of pauper Dublin? A woman who had done the most glorious thing for a young man's sake, for the sake of every young man yet to be who would thrill to the story!

For, look, it is 1803, and jerked upon a rope between the tilted shafts of a cart they prod her with bayonets and scoff her virtue and her silence down:—

"Tell us, you ————!" and "Take that, mistress!" and all other ribaldry of the scum that were yeomanry in those low years. And there again! it is Kilmainham Jail, and solitary confinement with weeping sandstone walls and slugs, and the bawdy comment of women of the street heard through the grill high up. And Sirr's entrances and exits always with the £500 cheque spurned until he can wring no confession from this woman whose father and whole family he has ruined since he flung her into jail. Drop, reader, on your knees beside her there and ask humbly that one day out of the fire that was her heart even a spark may be cast to kindle your own. So shall you best honour Anne Devlin the woman of courage and renown.

YORK STREET.

J. C. MANGAN.

AT No. 6, in that Scrivener's office on the first floor back, himself papyrus-cheeked amid the bleached folios all about him, copying, copying for his couple of shillings a day, as desperate and more pathetic even than Rousseau in his Genevese garret, here is Mangan, that voice of ultimate grief out of his generation, Mangan the shattered fool now after his fearful days in heaven! For he has been a fool, in the poet's way, and he has no longer the strength to outlive his chastisement. Those hospitable sisters, one of whom he loved, the three Graces of his dream, have made his life a bitter book however sweet the melody heard long after; "friends," indeed, who had played upon him for an emotion that sang upward like a flame in one of the still places of Paradise, and who, for the conceit of his company, had sacrificed their immortal name!—and thus to hallsteps and open porches the "lonely one" wended his way, stretching out with roués and knowing not the company at all, since Grief only and torturing memories were beside him. So drink your opium down and stagger on, poor fool, on and away from this town and this world into which

you strayed, dreaming it was a star, on and at last home to a kind and waiting Master somewhere beyond the horizon who welcomes the singing outcasts in!

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

AT No. 6 here another Englishman, come over to guide and regulate us, found the inevitable doom. It was not Dublin Castle this time nor the Parliament at Westminster, but a fitful emotion out of Ireland itself that had summoned the scholar. Though, once among us, the old sensitiveness to the English "foreigner" was loose again, and Newman of Oxford found himself prisoner of a thousand prejudices and antipathies. It was indeed a hard fate, and he felt it as he wrote from this high Georgian house to his friends in England. The bishops had awed or chilled him, under *duresse* themselves of the severe Cardinal Cullen. "His Eminence will not trust anyone," runs the Englishman's letter. "I wonder he will not cook his own dinners." So in a little while, the Catholic University mostly, save for its Medical School, a half-success, Newman returns to his more amenable England again. There are regrets and apologies and certain explanations of this and of that attitude offered from Ireland, but in the main it is a racial impulse that has driven him away, a sort of premonitory Sinn Feinism in these Irish intellectuals and churchmen that will not long endure the stranger, however

high be his credit. So, to-day, by a rare fitness, in that No. 6 where Newman brooded and was bewildered the real Sinn Fein has set up its headquarters, Arthur Griffith, Edmund de Valera, and a host of poets and revolutionaries meditating their new Ireland for the "mere Irish" alone.

HARCOURT STREET.

W. B. YEATS.

AND farther down there jostled by a laundry and a railway station is the High School of Dublin, a spread-eagle of a place with a wide arid playground made bleaker by reason of the big hawthorn tree stuck in the middle of it. Puritanism railed in you would say to look at the pit-brow sort of buildings hiding away a quadrangle of cobble-stones and the relics of a mews. But, in defiance of the environment, great pupils have happened there. As behold that willowy paste-coloured fellow in the corner! The despair of his masters, poor devils trained to the commonplace themselves, the joy and often the wonder of his fellow pupils, he is busy with his beetles hidden in old matchboxes or creeping over the desk while Mathematics are on blackboard and the discipline is lax. "We worked amid a babel of voices," he says in his own story of the school, and fortunately for the boy himself, since amid the disorder he was able to escape unnoticed and divert himself in the mysteries of his own mind. For this youth is soon to be the master-poseur of his generation and a very considerable poet therewith, William Butler Yeats of Dublin and Innisfree, expert in fairies, very pallid, affecting the sombrero, a genius, quite conscious always of his title to fame.

MERRION SQUARE.

OSCAR WILDE.

HERE at the north-western corner in that house with the glass gallery along its second floor lived an Irishman, immortal now by many tests, son of Sir William and Lady Wilde, a "child of decay," one Oscar, at whose birth, they say, the exotics in the glass-house drooped with a new perfume; and fitly and mystically so, for here, indeed, was one of the enchanted gardens of Dublin's post-Georgian town, Lady Wilde herself a poetess of resurgent Ireland, and Sir William, her husband, already noted for his skill as a Medical Specialist no less than for secret rumours of his spirit and Faith. All Merrion Square was then a rout of balls and parties and echoes of earlier days, and the torches of the link-boys were not too long borne by for a little scent of the pitch to hang about the porches still. And this poet-pale young fellow, six feet high, with the intensely supercilious mouth and an abominable condescension in the set of his chin, on his way with his brother and mother every Sunday to Grangegorman Church annoys the neighbours greatly by his calculated pose; Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wilde, maniac and artist, the most distinguished outcast after MacMurrough that Dublin has ever yet known.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

BERNARD SHAW.

CERTAINLY very few stranger visitors than he have been known to the Guardians and the turnstile men of this coffin-like Picture Gallery in Merrion Square. "He ought to be at school—that lad," and, "I don't know; he looks too cute for school," says another, and again, "The fellow walks round those pictures in a strange way—you'd think he was talking to them sometimes and he stopping and staring"—so the surmise ends, for they are soft-footed, slow-livered, quiet-souled folk, those janitors of the great Galleries, and curiosity does not survive too long in their minds. And so the boy, rather gaunt, tall for his age—he is only fourteen yet—with a good spread of shoulders and a facility in turning his head and swinging his eyes about while the rest of his body is in repose remains familiar but unquestioned, accepted as the truant, unsuspected as yet as the Anarch of the new thought. These mornings of course with his one or two books stowed away in his pockets he is missing at roll-call from his palace of all the decorums on Stephen's Green. For his careful, tradition-bred parents have chosen the Wesley College for their amazing son, and true to the bias of all his years he has just

revolted, and stays away. So that the query is common when class opens and the roll is called: "Is Shaw in school?" and the answer of some less courageous youth, "Absent again," passes to be a commonplace of the day. For this is young G.B.S. of the paradoxes and the newspaper glory of our own day, the authentic Fabian, dramatist, essayist, orator, publicist, dazzler and dreamer, agnostic cum-Christian cum-Celt of immediate if not even of immortal repute. A miller's son of the old, narrow, well-bred, half-rich Protestant type, with a splendidly loving mother always at hand when the conventions are threatening her boy, his lover in Dublin so early while yet he abandoned the dull Wesleyan place and its semblance of faith and flocked instead with all his feelings to the religions of the canvases in Merrion Square.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

HENRY IRVING.

JUST there at the corner of T.C.D. as if in flaring contempt of that eclectic place, the Queen's Theatre speaks with a hundred tongues to the surging crowd. For that Queen's, gallant, gaudy and well-salivated spot, has long been the playhouse of the people, and still the lightning flashes there from all eyes when the villain is discomfited or the policeman pole-axed in the crisis of the play. Here the "robustious periwig-pated fellow" may tear a "passion to tatters" in the best and the worst sense of the Elizabethans, the lover "sigh like furnace" and the lunatic rave his fullest—the gallery will not demur. For this upper audience is drawn from the streets of the "cave dwellers and skylight men" of the surrounding slum. Though indeed they are critics equal to the best, as many an actor knows. Especially one, a lad, who walked on there for the first time on any stage shivering and trembling at his audience. A boy out of London who had come over here to a people traditionally kind towards merit making its way. So that ever after he loved the reeking place and treasured its hospitality with the best—Henry Irving himself, already

a tradition of the stage, who took his humble first call in Great Brunswick Street at the old Queen's of the squeezed oranges and the uproarious 'gods.'

RINGSEND.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

HERE, on a wild day in July, 1649, came ashore from his armed sloop in a small boat to the strand the master-villain of Irish story. And look, as he steps down, the sailors smother their curses awhile at being cast on this cursed isle, and his soldiers are more steel-faced now in the menace of massacre that is in his eye. For this is the fiend Cromwell, who can play silly pranks in his own home like all disguised hedonists and unimaginative fellows; Oliver Cromwell, who once put a whole new-baked meat pie on a guest's chair and chuckled when his victim rose smeared with mutton fat, the very Oliver Cromwell who, a week before had started in a pageant of "pressed" aristocrats from Whitehall, in London, with a hymn to the Lord to look upon his high emprize and to be with him even within the walls of Drogheda when "women and friars" should be "knocked upon the head." The fearfulest visitor who ever yet stepped ashore, surely, at old Ringsend, as yet a little place of a hundred inhabitants, with a great loop of water about it between Irishtown and Beggar's Bush, where the "wood of the highwayman" was. For Cromwell looking westward could see but

a watery Dublin, with the tide lapping along a line from Denzille Street and by Great Brunswick and Townsend Streets to T.C.D.; almost even to Merrion Square, that pool later of Georgian decorum and doctor's houses, though yet a beach with flotsam of the waters and children picking their way about it in search of strange finds from the mermen of the Irish Sea.

PAMELA.

ONE night, too, the beautiful Pamela that lured all painters for her face, was near her agony at Moira House. A cool, clear sunset it was in May of 1798 with the gardens full of the coming of Spring. And this Lady Fitzgerald of the tender eyes that seemed to fold her audience all about her, Pamela the bride that shall grow lovelier as time mellows her to men, what visions and forebodings are now in her heart! For every hour that she is out of sight of her husband is perilous separation in the year of all the tragedies. And this air, so rich with the breaking of buds, is tenebrous and fearful as she looks from her window and sees strange colours in the stars. "My lady is a little pale!" says one, and "Not ill, I pray?" another, and all are bowing towards her, their affections flowing down to her like an eddy. But the dance and the music rise again, and Pamela is in the midst though dizzied. And lo! there is a strange turmoil in that other house up in Thomas Street, though from the ball-rooms here you cannot see or catch any sound save only by the telepathy of perfect love by which she knew! In a swift fight the candles are knocked over and one of them rolls towards the corner until suddenly it

strikes into a liquid and is still; and recovering it this Major Swan is smeared with blood, for Captain Ryan is bleeding into pools upon the floor and will die, while that wounded fellow still clutches a dagger as they overpower him on the bed. So march, Lord Edward!—thine enemies have caught thee now! Gallant fiery fellow, the mock of nameless redcoats, thy fame shall glow and burn above a million who sold their cause.

THE WHITWORTH BRIDGE.

ST. PATRICK.

STAND awhile, friend, respectful and contained as this pilgrim goes by. A simple bedesman truly with down-looking eyes that meditate a great hereafter, quiet-gowned and sandalled in the humble palmer's way, though under his mean apparel somewhere the "looms of heaven are moving over his heart." And as he picks his steps over the ford of Baile Ath Cliath there by the Whitworth Bridge of our day see that aged boatman bow and cross himself—thus by some divine premonition enlightened of God, and knowing as the palmer moves up and away through Oxmantown by the Tara road that he indeed is Patrick yet to touch the heart of Kings and so to be sung forever by river folk and mountainy men in this Ireland that he will sanctify to all her shores.

ST. MICHAN'S.

THE BROTHERS SHEARES.

AND behold, awaiting the Trumpet, the brothers Sheares, Corkmen with the characteristic devilry and charm of their type; one, especially, John Sheares, a daring fellow with Synge all over his psychology. For he had been at Paris, rejoicing when Louis XVI. was guillotined; and rioting in with the onlookers he had thrust his own scarf into the bleeding neck of the King; and so returned "a king of beasts" himself with his prey to Ireland, flaunting his gory banner even in O'Connell's face and stinging the Liberator to bitter retort; till in the swift equality of the day his own body swung on a rope, claimed thus by an English Fate from a "fool who loved Erin first." And "the head of a traitor" cut off was not even bleached upon a pole but, stolen, they bandied it about Dublin till Dr. Madden captured it and took it back tenderly to St. Michan's Vaults, under which now, a dim tradition runs, is a backwater of hell, wherein one Higgins, the Sham Squire, burns and cries aloud his remorse for the gallant, graceful Sheares he perjured and betrayed to the hangman upon earth.

KINGSBRIDGE.

LAURENCE STERNE.

SWIFT, Steele, Burke, Sheridan, Wellington, Shaw—how many a wonderful boy has played his first games about the Dublin fields, and crept frightened or inquisitive to his first school in a Dublin back-street! And look now at this frail, agile, little fellow whose heart, almost, must be in his eyes so swift are they to tears or laughter. His mother has come to fetch him home, for he is a "wild," imaginative little thing though only eight; and after his three hours' reading, writing, weeping, and arithmetic at the "select school," who knows what "sentimental journeys" he might, unshepherded, make on his way back to the barracks by the Kingsbridge! Last year, as all good neighbours repeat, he fell down a mill-race near Wicklow, and in Clonmel even they could tell you that he was the "crossest" infant ever seen. Young Laurence, surely an "accomplished" boy whose first visions of life are those bizarre and refracted ones caught through windows that look out on barrack-squares. A fantasy not wholly lost, and a colouring entirely kept when, later, the soldier's son tickles and shocks the world with his *Tristram Shandy*, a masterpiece of style and smuttiness, the

" work of a bawdy blockhead," as Oliver Goldsmith, his choicer fellow-countryman, called it. So home to bed, with that stupid loving half-Irish mother to tuck you in, and Ensign Sterne, your English father, to worry over his debts and bills, and to hope that you at least may never list for a soldier and be poor all your life thereafter as he.

PHŒNIX PARK.

THE MURDER.

It was a lovely evening with the Park full of May-music of birds, and these two walking home along the central avenue are steeped in the immediate serenity of things; Lord Frederick Cavendish and his companion, Under Secretary Burke, well-bred, cultured fellows, by all the tests. But hardly wise! For who, in his senses, would ever have come over here to buttress a falling rule? These two, indeed, pillars of the Irish Government of the day, an unjustified and hardly justifiable Government, and binding no man to fealty since falsely administered. But no palliation thereby for a crime; for this Lord Cavendish is a stranger in Ireland, just come this very day in the Lord Lieutenant's State entry from England, the right of sanctuary his whatever the prejudice of his name: a right most shamefully violated. For the Englishman, taken by the beauty and the pathos of the town, would insist on leaving his State coach and walking quietly along the quay and so to the eastern gate. And there meeting Under-Secretary Burke, he must begin to pour out his hopes and desires for the land he already half loves, wonder and scorn in Burke's eyes, who knows how ideals die soon

at the viceregal court, and bewilderment in Cavendish at his companion's calm, until they are drawing near the Lodge itself with Lord Spenser passing through the porch and his carriage turning quietly away. Peace everywhere, young rhododendrons beginning to dim for sunset, the late water nestling down under a sheet of silver, only the birds chaffering a little to the sky clear of clouds now like a hearth swept for lover Night's return, Peace indeed to beguile anyone of you as these two were beguiled. But a car breaks desperately away towards the Chapelizod Gate with five clay-faced men upon it. And behind on the roadway Burke and Cavendish are stiffening in death. For the murderers have been swift and very clean in their work.

GLASNEVIN.

ST. COLUMKILLE.

WE have wandered up Glasnevin way. At the Tolka just near the Protestant Church time rolls back. And these three leaping the stepping stones of that earlier river—look! What a fine fellow the foremost is, and he giving his hand to the two behind; lifting them almost, he is so powerful and strong; and laughing and shouting and flashing his great eyes. And, another day, see them and they stepping out to Ben Edar, by the upper road; others with them too though invisible. For these boys are unearthly in part, as time shall tell, and "standards and gonfalons" fling out upon the ramparts of the air as they pass. Till, look, they have climbed over Howth, and that tall one stands upon the edge of the cliff, rapt and still as though set into a picture. His comrades have fallen back from him, urged by no cant or cowardice, but by the prescience of love. And when he turns and talks of a star and of a cross he has seen, all lightsome, on the eastern edge of the waters Iona-way they know! And as they swing meditative home other figures rise and pass, flesh or phantom one can hardly say; Patrick and Palladius and some that kissed the cross and died earlier at Tara, or so at least Columkille

dreams. Till the whole wide air shakes to golden dust as though the vased sky poured down its essence, and the grasses resilient tinkle away across the fields.

And soon by the Tolka bank again it is evening prayer and the kiss of peace as Columkille and Comgall and Ciaran the high company yet to be the saints of Dublin city go to their cells in the monastery of the holy man Mobhi long ago in summer of the year 543.

GREEN STREET.

JOHN MITCHEL.

IN this court an epic trial one day reached an epic climax. John Mitchel a young Invincible of thirty-three was in the dock. For months he had stripped and lashed this pretence of Justice in Ireland, and from his paper *United Ireland* the people snatched the phrases like burning brands. A few weeks back he had issued instructions for street fighting even, and he had commended lead, broken bottles, and vitriol-tubes to the care of the populace, until the Executive, fearful of his vengeance, seized him for slaughter. So Lord Lieutenant Clarendon, Mitchel's own "Executioner General and General Butcher of Ireland," has won again. And the sentence of the aquiescent bench in this courthouse here is fourteen years' transportation beyond the seas. "Look," answered Mitchel as he flung a gesture, "I promise for one—for two—for three—for hundreds who will follow my example." My lords rise paroxysmal, the court sways menacing up. "Promise for me, Mitchel, for me," cried a dozen from the floor, "For me! for me!" roared a hundred from the galleries; men's voices breaking in hysteria of hate and delight, women moaning with passion of revenge, all eddying and panting

to shake the felon's hand. "A rescue," screams a soldier, "A rescue" ricochets down the corridors. Bugles blare, sentries leap to the trigger, troops and constables come racing up. That day John Mitchel, out of call of friend or foe, is led in chains aboard the "Shearwater," and so away from North Wall Quay to exile for the dolorous years.

NORTH KING STREET.

A DUCHESS-NUN.

THIS North King Street has ever been an ascetic and awful place, even down to our Rebellion of 1916. For here it was that Fanny Jennings of the "fairy face" turned her eyes at last from the town and dressed for doom. You will read of the two sisters, one, Duchess of Marlboro' herself, in England, and the other our Duchess of Tyrconnell, in Ireland, and how this latter loving and beloved, and rejoicing and being flattered, passed from triumph to triumph in the social town until, at last, in her seventieth year, Peace came to her in a wondrous way. For in this bare convent just opposite that modern St. Paul's Church my lady takes the habit and is Abbess soon with her sloped deal bed and her naked feet in this house of the Irish Poor Clares. So all her high memories of the pageantry of Whitehall with the second James and of the lure of Dublin Courts with her mighty Tyrconnell fade and fall, and nothing is left but the image of the stable and the bare walls that are near to Bethlehem.

NEWGATE.

LORD EDWARD'S DEATH.

ROUND the corner of Newgate, just at nine o'clock when dusk was thickening like a cobweb and the grey jail lây like a spider beneath, a coach lurched suddenly, steadied itself for a moment, and then turned and crept beetle-wise through the low main gate. The clot of people had broken up a little and drifted apart as it passed: as though, by some crowd-instinct, fearful lest it squirt out venom or launch a sting as it went by. And poisonous it was by every test. For out of it steps now one Fitzgibbon, late by slander and un-imaginativeness, and grosser aids, exalted to the Irish woolsack: Lord Clare his offensive title, remembering what men have died for honour and Ireland's sake at all times in the west. Though, to-night, some last flame of his Catholic Nationalist ancestry burns up again and scorches shame into his heart. For now when he has made his way leading Lady Sarah Connolly and Lord Henry Fitzgerald, aunt and brother, to Lord Edward's cell he wilts and staggers out to await the issue in the warder's box. And, at his orders, the soldiers with drawn swords, and the madhouse-keeper who has been specially fetched, are called off from harrying Lord Edward for a while. So

that in an interval of heaven once more the poor shaking gangrenous fellow on the bed can take Lady Sarah Connolly's hand and kiss it, dreaming it is his Pamela or an angel who has come to nurse him home. Until—oh, pathos and pity—he is raving again. For yesterday, the twelfth of his agony since Thomas Street, they turned the screw securely into his brain. And at three o'clock under his window, with the connivance of this Lord Clare, too sick for confronting now, by the craftiest cruelty they hanged the poor soldier, Clinch. So that the bleached rebel in his bed heard the rope creak and the plank fall away: and turned thus to the final frenzy wherein still he shakes.

"Kill them, I tell you! All of them—all, I tell you! Those English—we shall drive them out!" At which, down below in the street, there is a frightful silence, that utter sympathy of despair. So that men dream they see omens as the sun drops behind the ragged chimneys with smears like blood upon it, and women watching the spot of light upon his cell-window vow upon chalices and monstrances that they will give suck to rebels only, such as shall accomplish this vengeance he proclaims.

But hush, friend, a little prayer for a dying

Christian's soul: a quiet heartfelt prayer as the first lark watches for his entrance at the signal of a fading star. For there, just on the beat of two, his face grows lightsome, as water when a bird has risen from it. And as the blood falls from his cheeks there is a whirring of wings by the "gold gateway of the stars" for the Geraldine going home: and out of his aromatic heart is blown for us here that perfume whose sweetness lingers down the roads of Ireland still.

PARNELL STREET.

THE BEAUTIFUL GUNNINGS.

THE beautiful Gunnings once indeed graced this purlieu of old shops and battered flats, widow and two daughters half-paupers now that their father the Roscommon landlord has died leaving them a strange inheritance. For, loose from decorum, dizzied perhaps too by the utter loveliness of these children of his, he had rioted his estates away. And for this Maria, only six, and her sister five at his death, Britain Street was the Limbo until their own effulgence found heaven again, though slowly to be sure, as that bailiff sitting down by the table could tell, if he cared to, while the seraphim cling to their mother's skirts. Saved from eviction this time, however, behold the babes grown now to decoy-duck stature! And who is this benefactress in a dressing-room of the Smock Alley Theatre on a night after the show? Peg Woffington herself, queen of the people's eyes, who hears of the adorable girls and so robes them with her own stage-silks, fitting and tucking and taking in till they emerge to the viceregal ball the two best-tailored, most angel-faced debutantes ever seen upon the sardonic floors of viceregality in Erin's Isle. And so away with that skilled pilot of a mother, away they are swift on the

admiring flood until soon in 1752 Elizabeth, but eighteen, and Maria, just a little more, Duchess of Hamilton and Countess of Coventry, they are English aristocrats, bought for their beauty by coronets and swift desire, the bailiff far to windward of them now, the fortunate isles everywhere, prosperity aflame —sunrise or set, what matters so long as the colour is bright and Venus and all the other illusions are aloft! Mean, miserable, noxious Gunnings, who never paid Peg Woffington the pounds she lent you when you were very poor! Beggars on horseback, beautiful, aye! but whither did you ride?

So past the Sedan Chair Lodge opposite the recent "Findlater's Church," as the blasphemous local irony runs, let us turn along the north side to Charlemont House on this very day too when the Earl is preparing for his pageant. For he is Commandant of the Dublin Battalion of the National Volunteers—the year is 1797—and there is a review to be held this forenoon in College Green. And already there comes clattering up a mounted escort of troopers to take their Leader to the review ground where the windows of Daly's Club and of the houses about Dame Street are filled with eyes of lovers and lookers-on. And so my Lord emerges and rides down old Sackville Street, taking the salute of the crowd and observing all with those pinched and half-blistered eyes of his that have never quite recovered from an infirmity of his Continental boyhood. He is a little man and he sits easy in the saddle, with a touch of nobility in his brow and bearing. A true nobility indeed that is not ashamed of his native Ireland and is at its best when the most of his compeers are won over by bribe or debauch to the usurers' Union. For declaring he would die rather

than link his native land to the English system, he indeed had his wish, passing away broken in mind by the sorrow of his many adventures, a month or two before the imbeciles and the money-changers had bartered their nation to the English Crown. And so Charlemont House faded and fell with him until now by a frightful eclipse of all romance it is a Government building with typing-machines and girls whose lives ebb away on the keys.

BELVEDERE HOUSE.

MARY MOLESWORTH.

HERE the whirligig has made strange turnings. For this Belvedere House that now is a secret, stately home of the Jesuit Fathers had once less seemly company. And up this grand staircase with the flowery stucco walls, and into its rooms lush with painted Cupids, and down those curtained corridors through which the music of the great organ seemed to flow like a river of balm—well, what should follow after save the eternal sequel? Love and passion, and the bacchanal surge; and shame, and forgiveness and death; and song, a halo to end the tale! So you may see her on a landing now when the moon is full, or on Hallow E'en and she passing the windows in her luminous shroud, Mary Molesworth, a girl whom this old English debauchee Colonel Rochfort claimed for tribute, and, shy, graceful, as she was, made bold and indecorous by his unwelcome assault. And so she must marry him since her Irish parents compel it too, and lie upon the rack many times in childbirth for one who keeps her as a provincial concubine is kept and passes easy hours far off in London town himself. Until one day news and a dossier of letters are delivered to him at the second George's Court

in Whitehall, this harem-wife of his, a woman for all, he finds, with the daring of a woman who is long ill-used. So Rochfort reads and sickens and vows revenge. And next month and for seventeen years more until he dies, her children torn from her, and with twenty servants to mock her with their eyes, she is shut up in a house at Gaulstown, at Westmeath, who dared think and be faithless while her old reprobate husband lived in London and forgot her at the Court of the King. So draw the curtains close and dim the lights, for the moon is full to-night, and lo! she comes working her Purgatory again.

AMIENS STREET.

BELFAST IN DUBLIN.

AND for the other civilisation that is in Ireland, the composite, intensive, "practical," narrow, immediately successful civilisation, you must travel due east from the focal ugliness of Nelson's Pillar, to the Great Northern Railway Station at Amiens Street. Thereabout is a little teeming thoroughfare of shops, such as you would step straight into in a roaring mill-city of Lancashire, or in a wool-town of Yorks. The Ulster man sets out and arrives right here, and the crowded prosperity of his character is already reflected in this toy town of Belfast-in-Dublin, from Talbot Street to the Great Northern terminus.

The railway station itself, indeed, is the finest, cleanest, and best appointed out of Belfast, and if the stern and unbending "North" is to be maligned it must receive its honours, too, for the neatness and the disciplined proportions of much of its life as exemplified in the railway headquarters in Dublin. And a great glory too hallows all this region of shops and teeming streets. For east along they marched this way from Kilmainham long ago on those nights when death was preparing for the Danes, and north of that railway arch, hear the sentry's challenge again: "For Brian?" "Aye, Brian!" "Pass, friend. Yonder is Clontarf."

THE NORTH WALL.

THE COFFIN-SHIPS.

AT Clifton and Renvyle dogs are dragging the half-buried dead from the churchyards, the living people in their mud-hovels turn mud-colour themselves and swell up like slugs, dysentery runs in a scour through the land. So that those saints of charity, the Quakers from Dublin and England, are too appalled to finish their relief. "It was late, almost dark," writes one, "a mob of men and women like famished dogs were at our heels. 'All the medicine we want,' they cried, 'is food,' and again, 'Sé an t-ocras' (it is the hunger) till our hearts nearly broke." So Avatar is upon them in the West, and when fathers and sons are in despair or dead, mothers work at road-building while their children starve round turf fires in the butt of the ditch. Farther away in London and the home counties, there are discussions and protestations of God's vengeance on the "barbarous Irish." In Dublin, even, parties and balls are proceeding as before. So that any with a spark of courage or strength begin to fly from the West. The wild mountains are going from them now where the furze would be putting on and taking off its golden crown in the visits of the sun; brown rivers

no more will be waving a hand of foam to lovers and they close in the shelter of the bank. For tortured and turbid as the waters they move East themselves this time, women trailing their little children behind, fathers, the colour of death in their faces, helping an aged parent along, all staggering through puddles or stopping with questioning eyes and the silence of despair at those unending cross-roads. Until, here in Meath, there are only a few scattered groups; and, in clots, one holding to the other at last they stumble into Dublin unknown, neglected, with this mockery of the sunlight kissing and caressing from Howth to Bray. Oh, bitter singing breeze, and raillery of the waters! Oh, beauty, beauty, on the hills of Howth and Wicklow that are galleries of light as though the gods sat here within their amphitheatre set for the drama below. Drama indeed with frightful Sophocles upon the decks. For tumbled in a drift by that reeking hatchway they lie, sex with sex, children heaped in the midst with patchy white cheeks as though white wings were gathering above the Connaught roses faded irrevocably now. So pass the moving tombs; some for Baltimore and Boston River, with, every night, a sheaf of dead too weary for harbour dropping roped and weighted

overboard; others for the nearer living death in the coal mines of Lancashire and Yorks, there to win an hour of fiery report when a casualty list at the pit-brow takes its toll of O'Connors and Dunnes :—

"Oh, the flame of the Lord, red beak
Of the bird of furious doom
And the cry of his prey, the shriek
And the panic of feet in the tomb."

CLONTARF.

BRIAN BORU.

APOSTOLIC and almost without a tremor, although he is now seventy-four, all night he passes in and out of the bivouac-lines, Brian, a King out of the borderland of miracle, astride his grey horse, a sword in one hand "like a flame erect" and in the other a crucifix—a picture to equal any in the galleries of the fighting saints. And at the zenith of the battle next day see him apart on the rising ground watching and praying within his tent while the fight sways to the strand below. Till suddenly the wave of massacre is up to his tent door, and "Fly, King! To horse!" they shout; but Brian, "It was to conquer, not to die I came here." And all his palsy is abolished in a sudden leap of his blood. For the Danes are in upon him, and with a swing of his gold-hilted sword he is miraculously young again. He hacks the first assassin down from the knees, slashes off the head of a second, and then, his own skull smashed, he lunges into the third enemy, so that gallant, fighting fellow, he goes down proudly and fitly with his assailant dead beneath him—a magical King indeed, Ireland's bravest and dearest immortal.

KILBARROCK.

THE SHAM SQUIRE.

HERE by the roadside is a delectable little graveyard crowned with its crumbling ruins of a church of the late eleventh century. All Dublin Bay lies open before it and away north-east past Portmarnock the tide rolls green and glancing in the sunlight again. It is long centuries now since the sailors of seas made themselves a shrine of Mary, Stella Maris, here, many long centuries ago while yet religion and romance were out of reach of vandal law and order that have wrecked them everywhere since. And, earlier still, soon even after Patrick had passed like a flame to Tara this Kilbarrock hillside had been a hermit's holy ground. Though, for all its treasury of Saints, it is the memory of its master-sinner that is vividest yet. For to-day under his shattered headstone that indignant bands have broken up lies the dust of Francis Higgins, the type of all the Borgias of modern Dublin, the "Sham Squire" who seduced and procured and informed from the days when a potboy in Fishamble Street, he progressed *via* shoeblack, waiter and pimp to the editorship of the *Freeman's Journal,* then an openly anti-Irish sheet, and secret service agent of the ruling caste. Until, having sold

Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the brothers Sheares, he died and was buried here, by a bitter irony, in the circle of saints and seamen whose souls had reached their Mary beyond all the Stars.

CONSTITUTION HILL.

A RUNAWAY KING.

IT is a fine flush evening as we walk down into Oxmantown with the narrow street ringing with children's voices in that half-hour of anarchy before the arrest for bed! From the hall-steps, the thrones of the mothers, decrees are uttered or scandals imparted to subject gossipers from round the corner. Inside in the rickety, foetid rooms, workmen lay down their coats rich with the fume of cattle yards, or of cargoes unloaded by the Metal Bridge; life at the full, noisy, smelling, talking life, out of which all art has its origin. And so happy and howling a life at seven o'clock this 1st of July, 1690, past Constitution Hill and thereabouts that the whirlwind passing of a squad of cavalry is hardly noticed, though one or two who have searched are startled. "'Twas he, I'd swear 'twas he—the big handsome commander—you couldn't miss him."

"Then surely they have lost?"

"Aye, maybe—but the King is safe. He'll make no mistake about that!"

And such a King! For now, ten minutes later, he is dismounting at the Castle Gate, a liver-lipped dandified fellow, his cheeks and hair bleached away by dust and defeat, his

chicken-heart shrunk like a nut in its shell, not a trace of the well-built, handsome enough man he ought to be, in this bowed picture of anguish now. And a dwarfed personality altogether beside this splendid six-footer, the Captain of his Guards, such a contrast as must stultify kingship for any here or hereafter who look thereon. So help his Majesty in to a little burgundy that he may be able to face the stairs for bed. And call him early next day with the glad news that his swift horse waits and that flight will bring safety and repose. And next morning early, July 2nd, 1690, let the miserable makeshift of a Sovereign be gone through the passes of Wicklow to the coast and thence over sea. For this is James the Second, who has been smashed at the Boyne on July the First, and has only escaped because that six-foot Sarsfield rode with a squad to guard him to the Castle of Dublin, a mean task for Sarsfield, the beloved of Irish story, but discharged fully as was his wont.

VANESSA.

AND what shall we say of this last day at Celbridge when, "drugged with many memories," she sits within her enchanted grove—that grove where a new laurel was planted each time her demon-lover came till in the dry summer wind it lisps of love from a thousand branches? Though now indeed the opiates are working slow, for a secret has been found out and this Vanessa here has written a hectic letter to Stella, that twin star new discovered by her horrified eyes, a letter of shame and fury that only a woman scorned can write. So Stella rushes to show it to the demon-lover himself, who long skilled in bullying as in cajolery with women-folk, marches silently away to Celbridge with a miserable plan. And, look, as he approaches along the avenue how Vanessa's heart leaps a little despite its load of fear. For who knows but he will enfold her and crush her with kisses as of yore? But there! he is in! and see! what paper is he flinging on the table while she shudders at his tyrant air? Poor Vanessa, scourged and stung now with the bitterest lash, this letter of your own to Stella here flung down, a challenge and annihilation to

your little sick heart! And so again without a word he is gone, that acrid Nietzschean shape, crunching the gravel away down the avenue-road, the last seen of him at the gate a shadow that seems to mar the day. Sink down upon your chair, Vanessa, and ease those laboured breaths; and far off, listen how a bird sings in the big chestnut-tree and the sweet undertone of the waterfall comes from below.

EDMUND SPENSER.

THIS is distinguished company surely to-night, at whom we peep through the window of Bryskett's cottage.

For the conquerors can prove their culture in other ways than mere spoliation, and this dozen or so of guests talking and listening to the highest aesthetics, include Long, the latest of the imported Primates, Thomas Norreys the soldier, and Sentleger, both to fall in Tyrone's rebellion, and Christopher Carleil, the most illustrious free lance, traveller and fighter of his day. And, above all, the centre of their curiosity and worship, though but a little fellow with a beard, thirty-five years old, the youngest of the party, is Edmund Spenser, poet-adventurer of Lancastrian blood who has pawned his soul now for land and expropriation, and upon whom, a few years hence in Westminster, a judgment is to fall.

There he is addressing them with a fire and feeling that delight the heart of his host. For Bryskett, a splendid dilettante in the arts, type and prototype of so many in Dublin since, has led the poet on to talk of his forthcoming work, how in his "Faerie Queen" he will invent as the Italians do, or better even, a massive allegory of time and eternity, such

a compendium as will clearly excel "all that Plato and Aristotle have confusedly or obscurely left written." A horrid assumption of the ethical in poetry surely, typical enough of that English spirit that will yet moralise itself into a stupendous empire, typical too of an age when poetry was little esteemed so long as it did not preach some deliberate salvation, some approved theological code. So he is applauded by them all, "one who will increase for ever the glory of England by his writing," "too fine a soul to live amidst the barbarians of the South," the litany growing as he explains his great objectives. And thus good-night and exit to his Kilcolman till a fierce tide washes him off his stolen shore a later year and the scour of it sweeps him back to the Thames itself where, poor lonely devil now, ill-starred, or besotted, or a knave at the end—for the case will never be clear—he dies ill-tended, saturnine, sending away the offers of help, perfect outlaw himself at last for whom so many were outlawed earlier that his meadows might roll from the Galtees almost to the Owen-a-buee.

Immortal poet indeed, but poor hero for all that who, seeing the truth, could so cheaply acquiesce in the colonising shame. And bigot enough, too, when he strove to be just to us in prose, though once in the fuller truth

of his poetry he paid us a tribute that absolves him for all; "when Ireland flourished in fame of wealth and goodness far above the rest of all that bear the British Island's name," that phrase of his "Faerie Queen" our pardon for all the rest.

INCHICORE.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

LET us put in at this school of Inchicore for an hour with Headmaster Murray, the "dramatist of death-gasps and frenzies," in charge of it now. Hither to this "Model National School" (a curious delight of irony in the name)—arrived one day not so very long ago, a surging little scholar, all eyes, ears and observation, though few words in his mouth as yet. His parents, indeed, and their fathers before them had been satisfied with parish-power, but this youth was a rebel to that tradition and would front life full and recklessly even as a pioneer should. And so surveying the whole earth swiftly, even from this "Model" microcosm of Inchicore, see him leap upward and outward in a year or two and away at such a speed that all ancient idols fall in the frenzy of his progress. Where now be his satchel and his little holed shoes, and the puzzling looks of him that roused the industrious teacher, destined himself, poor devil, to die without laurel or even a full man's wage? Where at all should you look indeed save in King's treasuries and Ambassadors' wallets. For lo! this child has achieved his world-power, and his pen and his impetuous soul are menacing humanity itself, Alfred

Harmsworth, in truth, the Scholar of Inchicore, Baron Northcliffe in transit later to the seats of power; *Daily Mail* and diabolus rolled together, a genius whatever his rectitude, one of the dynamic adventurers of all time, hero supreme in the history of make-believe and half-truth.

RATHMINES.

AN EARLY RELIGION.

"DARKNESS almost visible" in the wood to-night, and "calm and deep peace" save for the quiet "sift-sift" of the ashes of this great fire dissolving away in the midst; a strange, steeping hush, hardly to be imagined at all now at the cross where Rathmines Road passes on to Rathgar. High birch trees with leaves so close that the forest is a full-rigged ship of green, sweet blackberries trailing over towards Ranelagh, wild strawberry plants clinging into the nooks about Kenilworth Square. Virgin soil indeed save for this clearing where the fire is falling in. And to-night how sacred a spot! For, see, that band of young devotees are composing themselves for sleep now that the mead has been drunk and the holy vigils kept. And under their wolf-skins, drugged double with wine, and their splendid fetish "what dreams may there not come?" For the world is rich yet in first illusion, and this is but Midsummer eve in the year 150 before Christ, while yet the Gallic and Irish rituals of demonology are the same. And here in this sleep of devotion in the consecrated clearing the wood-god will come down and touch the faithful with his spirit and they shall hear over the nebulae of eternity

the souls of the dead communicant, and shall see in the sleep-vision the eyes of their children yet to be. So let us steal ever so quietly away since it is drawing towards dawn, and the ribbon of foam is whitening for the sun down there on the old beach by Merrion Square. And look, that fisherman with his chestnut thighs and arms, grandson of that other who came from Provencal with the first Gauls, spreads his net while, already, below him, his slave, that painted girl, wonders and is enthralled by his splendid ways.

THE PINE FOREST.

HUGH O'DONNELL'S VISION.

"HUGH ROE has escaped! He's making for the hills!" So the story flies, every household gathering round when a neighbour whispers it in; with "Thanks be to God," the answer everywhere. For this news indeed is the grandest thing that you could give for a present to any in Ireland this holy Christmas Night. So Dublin lights the blessed candle with a faith freshened by the tidings. For Red Hugh has been these four years, since he was a boy of fifteen, a prisoner in the Birmingham Tower, and with him escaping again goes love like the wind out of every Irish heart. And they are free, these two with him, sons of Shane O'Neill, who have crept through the sewer and over the moat clad only in trousers and shirt the swifter to squeeze their way. And outside the walls of this castle, itself since a gutter only in the history of Ireland, a trusty fellow is by—a horseboy, mean and humble by test of his calling, but radiant for ever by his deed. As you shall see by the signal he gives, heading away then for Rathfarnham and the Three-Rock Road, mists rising off the little lighted windows as though for recognition as they pass, and in the log-lights and dip-flames

soft-sparkling signals, "God-speed!" "God-speed!" Until, climbing, they are up to the Pine Forest with Atha Cliath flickering out window by window as the night deepens below. A sacramental night truly, with Hugh Roe companied about by the mighty dead. For, as he helps the fainting Art O'Neill along, see who advances shining with gold and saffron against the ermine of the snow! And "On with thee! On for Brian's sake! Farewell!" as the phantom waves itself away. And again, a light wind shaking down powder of snow from the branches for her feet, Banba herself, "I am watching thee! Go!" until Red Hugh reels and will almost bring his tottering companion to the ground ere they pass from the visional wood, while the moon, with sudden entrances and flights of stars, works fire upon the mica-tips quenched momentarily in gusts of their elemental enemy, the snow.

All so confusional that Henry O'Neill, strayed or wrapt away by the Faed Fia themselves, is lost. And poor Art beaten now and Red Hugh can only struggle to a cave while this horse-boy speeds forward to Fiach Mac Hugh of Glenmalure who has never yet been known to neglect a fugitive's call. Though it is too late this time to save Art;

and even Red Hugh himself swollen and frost-bound will have to be taken tenderly on a saddle-horse along the glen, and swathed in bandages by the good man Fiach and nursed well ere he can again stride a hunter with O'Hagan, a daring Dubliner, to guide him back to the far west; a journey hardly for its glamour at all to be followed in words. By the straight white roads of Meath (God speed them!) round Baile's Strand and over the Hill of Armagh (Saint Patrick be with them!) and on in a "black-polished boat" through Lough Erne (Christ walk on the waters beside them!) and to horse for the western sea again (God and Mary preserve them!) and home! home! (oh, glory and praise!) home for the centuries now till he rallies his own, and the strangers are driven from his land. A dream? Aye—and splendid, and yet to come true.

CULLENSWOOD.

THE PASSAGE OF THE BRISTOLMEN.

THIS Cullenswood, once upon a time, was indeed a heroic place though less lyrical than in our day. For seven centuries ago, before ever Patrick Pearse lost himself in Shelleyan raptures of childhood on his school playing-fields rearing up young citizens in the tradition of Cuchillin and Fionn, the impulse to independence was proved there. And over in that chestnut grove, on Easter Monday, 1209, the record of it was made in blood. A terrible ambush indeed, by which these joyous men of Bristol are surprised out of their last roystering on earth. For the colonists are new-settled by Henry II. in Dublin—given them as a gift after it has been swept by the latest plague. And what merrier time and place to celebrate their planting and expropriating than now at Cullenswood in a high debauch, with the lime trees beginning to open for glory about them and the lizards peeping over the grass edges, sword-blades in the sun. Though swiftly the alarm is given, "Murder most foul" it is! And the feasting spoliators surprised in their cups or their embraces, are so despatched! For these clansmen, evicted out of their ancient and rightful city of Dublin, have hidden quietly

up the smiling hill-sides, with their faithful battle-axes beside them, and at a word of command with fine slitting of necks and arteries the first frolic of Bristolians is closed. A slaughter truculently commemorated every succeeding Easter Monday for a long while by a parade of armed English out of Dublin to challenge all and sundry of the natives to another encounter on the same ground, challenge happily unacceptable to the people, who had won the first bout by strategy or villainy or whatever later warring historians call it.

THREE-ROCK MOUNTAINS.

JUST here at the foot of this Three-Rock Mountain one night of a splendid moon what mushroom towns springs up white and silent? For tents are spread and spear-heads twinkle at the sentry-points, and to and fro the big warriors of England are moving commissariat and guns across the plain. Thirteen hundred and ninety-nine it is, long ago when Ireland was in the full stride of her insurgence, and yearly, if not even monthly, the ambassadors, spies and soldiers come to beguile her or to betray her, or to hold her down with opener brutality. And this time it is indeed historic encamping. For here now is Richard II. himself, and in his train young Harry Hotspur, the glittering youth who will soon ere he be twenty-six hold France in awe. "A fair and puny bachelor" he is as yet, but with far-seeing eyes and a brain that is for ever devising under pressure of an intense ambition, "Boy Harry" indeed, who will from the Tuileries on the morrow of Agincourt survey subject Paris and the ribboned Seine beneath, a "cordon for his fame." And already Richard, fascinated and fearing too, calls to his sword-bearer, and, taking the blade from its scabbard "sown with rubies," he bids

young Henry kneel, and so "Arise, Sir Knight," and the boy stands ennobled thus; a perilous honouring for Richard, who in twelve months more will himself be dethroned by this child whom he decorates now.

CARRICKMINES.

REBELLION AGAIN.

FOR a perfect sermon in stone you must go out to Carrickmines and just by the Railway Station there you will see a fragment of an old building now fallen to be gable-end and window of a piggery. Here, upon a time,

"There was laughter and longing,
Glances of lovers and chivalry thronging."

For this pig-sty is sole relic of the Castle of Carrickmines, built after the English Conquest to protect the South Marches of the City of Dublin, a presumptive fortress against the Irish, garrisoned in truth by utter "loyalists," but destined, like so many other attempts at subjection finally to turn its guns on the English themselves. For no sooner is the Great Rebellion of 1641 ablaze than the Walshes of Carrickmines declare for the native cause, and, driven back past Dean's Grange, they man the old castle itself for its last and most glorious date. Sir Simon Harcourt, ancestor of the British political Harcourts, is at the head of the Royal Forces. By sunset the Walshes' stronghold is isolated and the English suspend the conquest until dawn. High up on the turrets the Irish set their torches alight. Other fires answer back from

the hills. Harcourt, stampeded by the signals, hastens to rouse his men, when a musket shot reaches him from the keep. They bear him off to Lord Fitzwilliam's castle at Merrion, there to die on the following day. The panic of his death spreads. Forces are rushed up and further cannon. The terror of the Walshes flies across the marshes and into Dublin itself. Until a vast army is storming Carrickmines and the Castle falls, Lieutenant Hammond, afterwards Keeper of Charles I. at Carisbrook, the first to pass through the breach. The defenders, men, women, and boys all are put to the sword, and, with a mine and a tinder struck, old Carrickmines Castle leaps into the air. So now more magical and more wise than the skull of Yorick even in Elsinore churchyard this piggery window shines, Carrickmines Castle that was built to defend the English cause home only for swine, and rebellion still hiding in every hill and vale about it.

CONCLUSION.

AND of the future—if one may indulge a dream! what destiny of stars and shining pinnacles may unfold? For here amid the shock and onset of all the tyrannies of flesh and spirit, alone amidst the gross batterings of material things, she stands patient with her strange old sacred civilisation—a reverence for youth, a worship of womankind unique in an age of apostacy, a devotion to lost causes that are so often but virtue herself in distress—all these the stigmata of her martyred but indestructible soul.

"And we love thee, O Banba!
Though the spoiler be in thy hall,
And thou art bereft of all,
Save only that Spirit for friend
Who shapes all things in the end:
Though thine eyes are a sword that has slain
Thy lovers on many a plain,
When, glad to the conflict they pressed
Drunk with the light of thy breast
To die for thee, Banba!

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